

No. 446.—Vol. XXXV

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK (PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The late Empress Frederick—By her Husband's Side at Potsdam—A Reminiscence of the Tyrol—The late Emperor's Day-Dream.

HE EMPRESS FREDERICK lies in peace by the side of the husband she loved and admired and trusted so fully during his lifetime, and the thought of whom was with her always during the quiet years which succeeded his death, and during the last long agony of many months borne uncomplainingly.

The Crown Prince Frederick and the Crown Princess in the days when the old Emperor William still reigned, making a summer pleasure trip through the Tyrol, saw the little circular chapel of Innichen, with its walls of Silesian marble and columns of syenite, and the Crown Prince, admiring it, spoke of it as being the ideal of the mausoleum he should choose were he to build one for himself and his descendants. Death seemed very far away then in the pleasant land of sunshine and holiday folk, but the idea remained in the minds of both the Imperial sightseers. When the Emperor Frederick died, his widow carried out as many as possible of the wishes her husband had expressed and the plans he had conceived. She built the circular mausoleum near the entrance to the Friedenskirche—the Church of Peace—at Potsdam, and, when it was complete, removed his remains from the church where they had till then rested and placed them in the sarcophagus, above which in marble his figure rests in his uniform, his hands crossed above his sword, with the Eagle of Germany keeping watch at the corners of the tomb, and by his side the Empress left a space for herself when her time should come.

As the Crown Prince, the Emperor Frederick had dreamed with his wife one of those pleasant day-dreams that come to the great ones of this world as well as to simple folk, and, looking on the Taunus Mountains from Wiesbaden or Homburg, had talked of building in that pleasant land of hills and vales and streams a little castle where they could go at times when weary of Court ctiquette and Court ceremonies, and become for a week country gentlefolk, with gardens and a farm to care for and the sports of the country to enjoy. It was, in another country, a parallel plan to that which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort put into execution when Balmoral was bought and the happy days in the Highlands began.

On the death of the Emperor Frederick, the Empress, solitary now, carried out as far as was possible her husband's idea, and built the Schloss Friedrichshof at Cronberg, where she lived as a Lady Bountiful amongst the peasantry, helping them in a practical way by assisting them to stock their gardens and arranging that they should be taught, at no cost to themselves, such methods as might be useful to them in their field-work and industries. Any Englishman who has gone over from Homburg to Cronberg and has chatted to the country folk there has heard a hundred stories from them of the Empress's kindness and her knowledge of farm-craft and gardening and of her love for horses and of her skill in managing them.

All the animals in her stables were treated as pets, and it is one of the sad incidents connected with the Empress's fatal illness that an accident while riding is said to have laid the first seeds of the fell malady. The Empress was a great patron of the arts, herself no mean artist, and always in touch with and in sympathy with the great artists of other countries, and to this she owed to a great extent her popularity in France, for, strange as it may seem, the wife of the conquering General who rode into Paris at the right hand of his Imperial father was popular, to a certain extent, in the City of Light.

The Empress, once at all events, if not twice, visited Paris incognita since 1871, and went the round of the studios, being gladly received by the great modern masters, who were delighted to talk with so kindly a critic of their art.

Another reason for the popularity of the Empress Frederick in France was that both the men of the Clubs and the men of the streets always regarded her as having been the friend of their country during the terrible year of defeat, and believed that her influence was employed in an attempt to induce the terrible Bismarck to soften the iron terms he laid on the conquered country. Frenchmen, rich or poor, know but little of international politics, unless those politics happen to have a picturesque side, unless they are illustrated, so to speak, by festivities at St. Petersburg or a naval pageant at Toulon; but a touch of sentiment, an incident of gallantry or grace, is never forgotten by them, and the idea that the English Princess married to the German Prince tried to soften the terrible old statesman who had laid a heavy hand on the bleeding country appealed strongly to them. The Parisians long ago forgot that England gave them bread when they were starving after their siege—that was a practical act, the memory of which passed with the hunger—but they always recalled the tale that a great lady of Germany was said to have wept for them, and the universal grief expressed for her death in France is real.

By the wish of the King, the entertainments and amusements at Cowes and Canterbury were, during the past week, continued; but it had at first been intended by the organisers at both towns to put a stop to all gaieties, and, though this was not done, in deference to His Majesty's wish, the grief and sympathy of the people of Kent and of Hampshire was not the less keen with our Royal Family in this the latest blow that has fallen on it.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Nation of Holiday-Makers—Empty London—Holidays by Relays—
"W. G." in his Old Form—Centuries and Ducks—The Champion
County—Two Great Batsmen—The Perils of Petroleum—A
Languid Lion—Horses and Electric Traction.

SAW the other day in a paper a remark recently made by an American to the effect that we are the most holiday-making people in the world. There is some truth in this, even if it is put in a slightly exaggerated form. What with Bank Holidays and one thing and another, we do get off the mill now and then; but I think everyone will agree that we are all the better for it.

At this time of year London is really empty, and if the place of "The Man in the Street" is taken up by "The Man from the Country," the difference in the people passing to and fro is none the less obvious. And the remark of the American is far nearer the truth than that of an Englishman (I suppose) who said that, because some ten thousand people left the West-End in the autumn, we call London empty. There is no need to go to the West-End. We have only to look at the Strand, Fleet Street, and the City to see how many people are out of town.

The dry weather has been prolific in centuries in the cricket-field. Everyone will be glad to see that the wonderful veteran, W. G. Grace, has again made over a century in the match between London County and the M.C.C. and Ground. One hundred and thirty-two is a marvellous score for a man of his age to make on a hot August day, and though, of course, boundary hits save a good deal, yet it is extraordinary in a man who began to make centuries in 1866. The Champion was splendidly backed up by L. Walker, who played in great form and got into his second century.

A. O. Jones is hitting in wonderful style this season, and be and Iremonger gave a very remarkable exhibition of sound cricket in the match Notts v. Essex. It was a curious example of the vagaries of cricket that, after this tremendous stand, Gunn, Cartwright, and Herbert should have made only four runs between them, and that Dench and Carlin should have added only another nine. Iremonger, who is more or less new to first-class cricket, has rapidly made a great reputation.

Yorkshire made an example of Hampshire at Harrogate, for Rhodes and Hirst were too much for the Southerners, while, with Brown and T. L. Taylor both making centuries, Yorkshire were able to win by an innings. On Saturday, the Champion County had played twenty-three county matches, of which they had won eighteen, lost one, and drawn four, while the match against Surrey was abandoned. By Saturday week, they will have wound up their season by meeting Middlesex, Essex, Sussex, and Kent; but, whatever happens, their position is secure.

Lionel Palairet played a magnificent innings of 194 in the Somerset match against Sussex. I cannot help wishing that this fine batsman belonged to one of the Metropolitan counties, for then I should be able to see more of him, and his great powers as a batsman would certainly be more recognised by the public than they are. He is not one of those men who come off only against weak bowling, for he has centuries to his credit against Yorkshire and Lancashire. A. J. Turner is another great batsman who has been doing well of late, with centuries against Middlesex and Notts, and this is all the more creditable as he was wounded in the arm in South Africa.

I come back to London to find myself threatened with a new danger. We have just had an example of the perils of petroleum, which we have come to look upon as quite an old-fashioned illuminant. The Hackney Wick Explosion seems to show that our method of storing petroleum is wrong, and it certainly adds a new terror to life in a great city if we are liable to explosions caused by the ignition of petroleum vapour. And the matter is all the more serious as the peril reaches us through the sewers, which we have a right to consider as safety-valves and not as danger-traps. Happily, we do not often have such a thunder-storm as that which was the origin of the disaster.

What has happened to our old friends the Lions in Trafalgar Square? It is something of a shock to find one of them in a sort of private hospital screened off from the public gaze. But I am not surprised that even the iron skin of a Landscer lion should be attacked by a species of ezzema, and that the atmosphere of London has caten holes in his coat. The air of London does not agree with iron, somehow, and there is a good deal of iron-work about which would be all the better for being overhauled, whether it is on statues or elsewhere.

I am glad to hear that my young friend the "Twopenny Tube" will soon be cured of its vibration, for the "Tube" is too valuable to "The Man in the Street" for any chance of improvement to pass unnoticed by him. Another matter which I learn from a Directors' report is that the Road Car Company are thinking of replacing their horses by electricity. In my opinion, the horse is utterly out of date in great cities as a mode of traction for public vehicles, but it is equally certain that the proper electric motor has not been invented. The central line and the overhead wire are both barbarous inventions, and will have to be superseded before the use of electricity becomes general.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE AGE
OF ELEVEN MONTHS.
From a Sketch by Queen Victoria.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE AGE
OF EIGHTEEN.

From a Painting by F. Winterhalter.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE AGE
OF SEVENTEEN.

Drawn from Life by E. M. Ward, R.A.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA

AND HER CHILDREN.

From an Engraving by D. J. Pound from a Photo by Mayall,



ROYAL FAMILY GROUP, WINDSOR CASTLE, 1843: QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From a Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.



THE FOUR ROYAL PRINCESSES: PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS ALICE,
PRINCESS HELENA, AND PRINCESS LOUISE.

From a Painting by F. Winterhalter,



QUEEN VICTORIA (AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE), THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From a Painting by Sir Edwin Lardsecr.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

AN EMPIRE IN MOURNING.

OT even when "Frederick the Noble" passed away after his too brief reign was more genuine feeling shown than that expressed all last week throughout the German Empire. The many kindnesses of the late Empress, especially those lavished so freely during the course of the Franco-German War, were recalled, and in the



SOUVENIR OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: READING AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.

Photo by Voigt, Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.

neighbourhood of Friedrichshof every man, woman, and child felt as though they had lost a true friend.

WONDERFUL WREATHS.

Wonderful both from the artistic and floral point of view were the splendid wreaths which began arriving at Cronberg on the Wednesday of last week, and which now fill up the small Mausoleum at Potsdam. A splendid wreath bears attached to it a card with the words, written in a delicate Italian hand, "To the staunch and faithful friend of Humbert and Margarita."

A Touching Request.

By the late Empress's special request, she was laid in a coffin of British oak, made in London, and of what may be called the English shape. The outer zinc casket was German, and almost exactly resembled that which enclosed the Emperor Frederick. Also by the Empress's wish—for Her Imperial Majesty, like our own late lamented Sovereign, arranged every detail concerning her funeral herself—on Saturday evening the coffin was carried, in torchlight procession, to the little church at Cronberg, there to remain in state, and watched by relays of the Friedrichshof household till Sunday, when the funeral service took place, attended only by the Imperial and Royal families closely allied to the Empress and by a few privileged friends

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The arrival of King Edward and Queen Alexandra with Princess Victoria at Cronberg last Sunday morning created great interest. This is the first time our Sovereign and his Consort have travelled on the Continent in full regal state, for King Edward was accompanied by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Clarendon, his Senior Equerry, Sir Stanley Clarke, and Captain Ponsonby (known to the late Empress from childhood); while in attendance on the Queen was the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Buccleuch, in addition, of course, to Her Majesty's usual suite.

Home to Potsdam.

Berlin, where the Empress Frederick arrived forty-three years ago as a lovely young bride, and where she spent the major part of her happy married life, did not receive the remains of the Emperor William's august mother. The funeral cortège travelled straight from Cronberg to the Wildpark Station, and from there the coffin, hidden with wreaths and a splendid pall, was borne slowly to the new Potsdam Palace. During the night from Monday to Tuesday (13th) the dead Empress lay in the splendid Jasper Gallery of the New Palace.

THE FINAL SCENE.

The Friedenskirche, or Church of Peace, is very beautifully situated, being reached from the Palace through the stately leafy avenues—copied from those at Versailles—of the park surrounding the lovely little Castle of Sans-Souci. The Kaiser himself drew up a list of those favoured few who were allowed to walk behind his mother's coffin, and finally to take their place in the comparatively small Mausoleum Chapel, which is situated at the entrance of the Friedenskirche.

WITH HUSBAND AND CHILDREN

The Empress Frederick—Victoria, Crown Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, as even to the last she loved to describe herself when signing documents—rests by the side of her noble husband in the vacant place left by his side under the fine recumbent statue which is the main feature of the Mausoleum. Close to the sarcophagus repose the two little sons so deeply mourned by the Imperial couple, Princes Waldemar and Sigismund. Already the Emperor has decided that a recumbent statue of his mother shall shortly be placed by that of "Frederick the Noble."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH is not unlikely to occupy a good position in the political world. His Grace, who has a fine, resonant voice, and the Duchess of Marlborough on Saturday last welcomed to Blenheim Palace a large representative party of Unionists from differents parts of the country; and Lord Randolph Churchill's clever son, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., was one of the principal speakers after the bright particular stars, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, had vindicated the Government and upheld the principles of the Unionist Party. The Duke of Marlborough's Blenheim feast was, in short, a notable political gathering, of distinct value to the Government at this moment.

In connection with his Grace's reception at Blenheim Palace, the Great Central Railway Company, in order to convey nearly two hundred guests from Yorkshire and the Midlands, arranged with the Duke to make up a truly remarkable restaurant-train. It practically constituted a travelling hotel. Nine corridor dining-cars made up the train, which, with the engine, was one hundred and seventy yards long, and weighed two hundred and seventy tons. The kitchen-cars were of such capacity that the company's servants were enabled to cook for each first-class passenger the following meals: Breakfast.—Fillets of sole à la Cardinal, fried bacon, poached eggs, grilled kidneys, lamb chops, cold tongue, rolls and butter, marmalade, tea and coffee. Dinner.—Clear asparagus soup, boiled salmon—parsley sauce, roast quarters of lamb, roast chicken, lobster salad, sweets, cheese and biscuits, dessert, coffee. The third-class passengers were also supplied with an excellent breakfast and dinner selected from these dishes.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

SIGNOR CRISPI.

STAUNCH ally of England, Italy has our warmest sympathy in the loss she has sustained by the death of one of her most illustrious statesmen, Signor Crispi, who expired at the Villa Lina, Naples, last Sunday evening, after the noblest of professions had done all that was possible to mitigate the pain of his last illness. He was in his eighty-first year, and had devoted his whole life to the welfare of United Italy, the emancipation and development of which did much to bring about. Fired by a lofty patriotism, Francesco Crispi, when a young Sicilian advocate, sprang to arms and joined Garibaldi in his heroic expedition to free Southern Italy from the Bourbons; and he lived to be Premier and to be one of the most eloquent of Ministers. Italy's Grand Old Man will have a noble funeral at Palermo, to which city he has bequeathed his fine library, valued at £40,000.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

One wonders why Mr. Eille Norwood has changed his title, "The Noble One wonders why Mr. Eille Norwood has changed his title, "The Noble Art," to "The Talk of the Town," for the former was far more appropriate, and the latter seems a little rash. However, even if the revived farce will hardly prove "the talk of the town," it will give healthy, hearty amusement to plenty of playgoers, since its complicated story leads to some amusing situations, and the dialogue is lively. Moreover, the acting is just the thing—brisk and forcible, without effort at needless subtlety. Mr Arthur Williams scores heavily. Mr. Heron is satisfactory in the part of a "pug," in which Mr. Valentine originally made a "hit." The author is successful as actor, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan was full of vivacity and charm.

M. Santos-Dumont is to be congratulated upon escaping scot-free from his collapsed flying-machine at Paris on Thursday last; but it was a very narrow shave indeed, the car falling between some houses after going round the Eiffel Tower.

Mr. De Jong's melodrama season at the Princess's—pending the Messrs. Keith's opening it as a "continuous" variety show—will start with a new play by Mr. Walter Reynolds. Mr. Charles Warner and the ever-charming Miss Kate Rorke will sustain the principal parts.

When the August sun is at its hottest, and even the amplest sunshade cannot keep fair ladies cool during the daily constitutional on the Marine Parade, what a delightful boon is a good toilet water! Inexpressibly refreshing at such times is the deliciously scented Florida Water of Messrs. Lanman and Kemp, of New York, procurable of any British chemist. An application of Florida Water removes headache and cools the skin smarting from sunburn. In fine, a bottle or two of Florida Water should be included in every holiday-maker's travelling-trunk.



THE LATE SIGNOR CRISPI. Photo by Egineta, Naples.

PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS.

ODEST and most adventurous of the rising generation of the Royal House of Orléans, Prince Henri, intrepid son of the Duc de Chartres, died at Saigon last Friday, to the deep regret of all who admired his manly qualities and brave nature. He was but thirty-three, but, a devoted "Gentleman of France," he had won a warm corner in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, Republicans



THE LATE PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS. Photo by Nadar, Paris.

as well as Royalists. As it was in England that the Orleanist Princes found an asylum when France was closed to them, it might fairly have been supposed they would have cherished friendly feelings for this country. But this gratitude was absent from the breast of the lamented young Prince. Yet in no land was the chivalrous character of Prince Henri of Orléans appreciated more highly than in Great Britain.

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Oueen Street Station.

C—Sundays excepted. D—Until Aug. 23 inclusive only.

K—Until Aug. 31 only.

9 30 a.m. St. Pancras to Leicester.

7.35 a.m. Nottingham to Leeds (vià Trent).

9.30 and 10.30 a.m. St. Pancras to Edinburgh.

9.30 and 11.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. St. Pancras to Glasgow.

7.20 p.m. St. Pancras to Trent.

7.10 p.m. (Sundays) St. Pancras to Trent.

7.20 p.m. St. Pancras to Edinburgh, Perth, and Inverness.

9.30 and 10.30 p.m. St. Pancras to Edinburgh.

9.30 and 10.30 p.m. St. Pancras to Edinburgh.

10.30 p.m. (Sundays) St. Pancras to Flasgow.

IMPROVED UP SERVICE. A-Queen Street Station.

Corresponding improvements have been made in the service from the North to London. For pa. ticulars see the Midland Time-Tables.

POCKET TIME-TABLES AND ALL INFORMATION RESPECTING ORDINARY, TOURIST, WEEK-END and other TICKETS, RE-ERVED COMPARTMENTS, CONVEYANCE OF LUGGAGE in ADVANCE, and other arrangements for the travelling confort of Passengers, will be promptly given on application to "THE MIDLAND RAILWAY AGENT" at LONDON (St. Pancras), or to any other Midland Station or Agency.

Derby, August 1901.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS).
Each Wednesday for S days to SHERINGHAM, CROMER (Beach), MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA,
YARMOUTH (Beach), SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.
Each Saturday for S, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, DOUGLAS (Isle of
Man), SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE,
CLEETHORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, ROBIN HOOD'S
BAY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, APPLEBY, TYNEMOUTH, CULLERCOATS, and
WHITLEY BAY.

BAY, SALIBORA, WHITLEY BAY.

For fares and full particulars see bills at Stations and Town Offices.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The whole British Empire has thrilled with a An Empire's sense of personal sorrow during the last few days, Sorrow. Sovereign. King Edward was devoted to his elder sister, how devoted

none will know till an authorised biography of the late Empress has been written. As children, they were constantly together, and even after the then Princess Royal's early marriage she remained in constant communication with her brother.

On the 21st of November, 1840, was born the eldest " Our Princess child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. "Only Royal. a girl!" the Duke of Wellington is said to have

observed on being told the news; and then, catching himself up, "May she prove as good a woman, ay, and maybe as good a Queen, as is Her Gracious Majesty!" the gallant old soldier added. Even as a baby the Princess Royal was exceptionally clever and precocious, and she talked quite well at eighteen months. At the age of three she talked French and German as well as English, after a fashion of her own, and even

then showed herself possessed of a strong, determined character. One day her father went off into fits of laughter on seeing his tiny daughter stamping her foot and screaming "Moi voulez pas vous!"—a very rough translation of "I don't want you!"—to some nurse who had offended Her Baby Highness.

A Youthful Love- or "Vicky," as Affair. her parents fondly styled her-was only fifteen when Prince Frederick of Prussia first fell in love with her. Indeed, it is said that even in 1851, when visiting the Great Exhibition, he made up his mind that the child Princess should ultimately become his wife.

The Royal Prince Charm-The Offer of Prince Charming. Frince charming made his offer while out on a mountain excursion in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, and to the end of her life the late Empress preserved among her most valued treasures the sprig of white heather which he then gave her, with the words that it symbolised his hopes, for in Scotland white heather is said to bring good luck.

A British Bridal. The marriage was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, almost exactly eighteen years after that of the Queen, and even now there exists a most touching little photograph of the bride, taken immediately after the ceremony, and which gives a vivid idea of the ex-

treme youth of the Princess Royal at the time she left her own beloved native country for that of her husband. From the day she arrived in her new home, the British Princess proved herself an ideal wife to her German husband. Indeed, she soon acquired such an influence over him, and that even before she was out of her teens, that it made the great Prussian officials quite angry. Children soon came to brighten their happy home, and the Princess took the keenest, happiest interest in the management of her nurseries. "Vicky has a child's heart and a man's head," her father wrote to an old friend, and she proved the latter half of this remark in 1866, when she practically created the Prussian Red Cross Ambulance Service. Even Bismarck, who bore no love to the British Princess, admitted that in this matter Her Royal Highness had rendered an inestimable service to her adopted country.

About this time, her brother, now our beloved Sovereign, wrote of his elder sister this apropos "Infinitely Loving and Mentally sentence, admirably descriptive of her character Active." during her whole beneficent life. This is not the place to tell of her manifold charities, her constant concern for the sick or ailing, and her care for those of her own sex, the forlorn governess, the weary sempstress, too often neglected in favour of more "interesting" cases.

Even as a child the late Empress Frederick drew The Empress's remarkably well, and two days before her death her hand still held a pencil. Indeed, the little drawing she then made was her last real piece of Great Artistic Gifts. work. Not content with being herself an excellent artist, she encouraged art in all its phases, and delighted in the society of artists, of writers, and of intellectual persons, as opposed to those whose high birth or big purses alone recommended them to her notice.

The Ninety-Days' Empress.

The Emperor Frederick reigned only ninety days, and each of these long days was for his devoted wife an arduous struggle with the dread disease to

which she was herself to fall a victim. There was something tragic in the thought that all too soon the cleverest and most capable of Queen Consorts would become a Dowager Empress, powerless for public good. To this consideration, however, the Empress gave not a thought; she devoted herself solely to the task of helping her husband, "Frederick the Noble," through the dark valley. As a widow, the late Empress retired

from the great world of Court and Society. She built herself a charming country house, and, as we all know, named it Friedrichshof (Frederick's House). There she spent a number of happy years constantly surrounded by her devoted children; indeed, one or other of her daughters was always with her, and she was adored by a growing circle of grandchildren, headed by the only child of her own eldest daughter, Princess Henry (Feodore) XXX. of Reuss.

The Empress's Last Visit "Home."

The Empress's Last Frederick last visited the United Kingdom three years ago. She then made a somewhat long sojourn in her old home, and it was rumoured that she would henceforth own a residence in England. It was during this last stay in her beloved native country that Her Imperial Majesty paid a visit to Lord Rose-bery and his children at Dalmeny Castle, near Edinburgh.

I once heard a "My Darling Brother Bertie." touching story concerning the Empress's intense anxiety during the illness of the then Prince of Wales. A French lady of rank was being most kindly received by the Crown Princess, who never lost an opportunity of showing generosity to the then vanquished foe of her country. "I trust, foe of her country. "I trust, Madame, that you lost none dear to you in the late terrible war?" said the Princess. "My only brother, at Sedan," answered the other slowly. "Oh, how I feel for you!" cried the Princess, bursting you!" cried the Princess, bursting the princess of dwardfully anyious about

into tears. "I am now, at this moment, so dreadfully anxious about my darling brother Bertie."

Cronberg (writes my German Correspondent) is in the deepest mourning. The deeply loved the first Monday in August. The inhabitants are At Cronberg. benefactress died on the first Monday in August. dejected at their great bereavement, but glad for the sufferer that she is no more in pain. Cronberg, ever quiet, seems now more still than ever. A temporary flood of strangers, relations to the deceased, officers and officials, journalists, and others swarmed over the little place for the first few hours after the news of the death of the beloved Empress was made known, but now all is peace and quietude.

The Generosity of the late Empress. Many are the tales told in the neighbourhood of the late Empress's kindness and thought for others; hardly a soul in the place but has received at one time or another proof of the great sympathy ever shown to all around her by one who knew only too well what suffering meant. Nor was this consideration for the welfare of others confined to the narrow circle of her own surroundings. The late Empress Frederick was always to the fore in subscribing to all manner of charities in Berlin as elsewhere. She it was who was the moving spirit in the building



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK. Photo by Voigt Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.

of the pretty Church of St. George in the Monbijou Palace Gardens in Berlin, for the benefit of the ever-increasing English Colony in Germany's Capital. It was the Empress Frederick who persuaded the present King to patronise the huge bazaar in London, and thus render it possible to raise almost in a single day the necessary thousands of pounds which were subscribed without stint and on the spot. When the church was built, there was, moreover, no more regular attendant at the services than the Empress Frederick. It was, too, ever her wish that not only a church but also a parsonage should be built adjoining it. This has not yet been done; let us hope that some day this her wish may likewise be fulfilled.

Empress Frederick in Politics and Art. In connection with Her Imperial Majesty's greatly lamented death, one or two notes from the autobiography of the veteran Academician, Mr. W. P. Frith, possess peculiar interest. Mr. Frith was "commanded" to paint a picture of the Princess Royal's marriage, but was excused, as he was in the act of finishing his celebrated "Derby Day." However, letters a heaven are proposed to devict the marriage of King Edward and later on, he was summoned to depict the marriage of King Edward, and in this case, though he was "aware of the fearful difficulties," he felt he must obey. "When the Crown Princess was sitting for me," says Mr. Frith, "she endeavoured to make me understand the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. She talked most admirably, and, no doubt, would



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK IN WIDOW'S WEEDS. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

have succeeded in enlightening an ordinary understanding; but the difficulty becomes great when the listener is also occupied in the painful endeavour to catch a likeness. Anyway, I could not understand the pro and con of the dispute." Later on, Mr. Frith remarks, "Of all the Princesses, I think the Crown Princess showed the greatest knowledge of the principles of art." No small praise this considering the artistic proclivities of the Royal Family as a whole.

The Empress Frederick as an Art-Critic.

The Empress Frederick, had she not been born in the purple, could have earned her livelihood not only as a painter of spirited pictures, but also as an art-critic. Her knowledge of false and true in this

respect was unerring. Dealers soon found out that the wife of "Frederick the Good" not only knew the indifferent from the bad artistic coin, but that Her Royal Highness could also point out wherein they themselves had been deceived. It is no secret that the Princess Royal when she became a widow was much oftener in London than was usually believed, and that she especially delighted in visiting picture galleries and the shops of dealers in curios. Two of the leading merchants in these wares told a friend of mine that they had learned more from the Empress Frederick during her visits than at all the great trade sales which they were in the habit of frequenting. The collection of works of art left by the Empress is probably unique, and will be found exceptionally adorned with steelings of the best and report representations of the best and report representations. with specimens of the best and rarest porcelain and intaglios. visiting her daughter at Athens, the Empress acquired many "antiques,"

but spurious objects were promptly rejected by her. The King possesses some of his talented sister's best paintings.

The Empress Frederick's Heroism.

her own sad condition. To prevent this knowledge from acquired through the Press, the Empress forbade the issue of bulletins, and day after day went forth into the gardens of her Castle on the Taunus slopes, making bright conversation with her attendants when they themselves were filled with melancholy at her great suffering. The Empress went so far as to beg her son, the Kaiser, to make light of her malady, which both knew to be incurable. The

devotion of the Kaiser to his mother was pathetic, and he never ceased to write and telegraph to her the mosttender of messages.

When on the Scan-



Long before the death of Queen Victoria, her daughter the Empress Frederick knew that her

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK IN THE YEAR 1871.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

dinavian coast, the most elaborate precautions were taken to have despatches conveyed to the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*. It was the Empress's fervent wish that she should see our King, her brother, again, and the Kaiser immediately had a wing of the Schloss at Homburg made ready for his uncle's accommodation. It is to be called after King Edward's name.

The Empress
Frederick's Loyalty
to her Native Land.

We Britons are not all aware of the profound loyalty of the Empress Frederick to the land of her birth. She loved these isles with a passionate devotion which in no way interfered with the duties always for peace and goodwill, though Prince Bismarck hated her because she was "too English." Yet the wily Chancellor well knew that her supreme ambition was to keep up the friendship between the home of her girlhood and the home of her husband and children. When home of her girlhood and the home of her husband and children. When a foolish rumour was circulated, a few years after the Franco-German War, that another invasion of France was contemplated, it was the Empress Frederick who assured her august mother that such a deplorable event was not only not contemplated, but would not be tolerated by the



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 2ND (POSEN) BODY HUSSARS.

Photo by Ottomar Anschiltz, Berlin,

old Emperor and the Crown Prince. It was a plot (unfortunately furthered by certain English papers) devised by Prince Bismarck for the undoing of Prince Arnim, the German Ambassador in Paris. One of these days the true story of the scheme will, perhaps, be written. The present German Emperor knew it, and he showed his appreciation of its author in summary fashion.

The Empress Frederick and her Sister, Princess

In the war of 1866, as we all know, the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, under the leadership

Frederick and her Sister, Princess
Alice.

Dueny of Hesse-Darmstadt, under the leadership of Prince Alexander, father of the Princes of Battenberg, cast in its lot with Austria. Prince Alexander was an amiable gentleman, but not a brilliant General. Consequently, the Prussians marched into the Residenzstadt and quietly annexed the country. But here comes in the extraordinary result. The Crown Princess (as she was then), moved by the prayers of her sister, Princess Alice (Princess Louis of Hesse), and also by her arguments, so interested herself in the salvation of the and also by her arguments, so interested herself in the salvation of the Grand Duchy that, backed by the influence of the Czar, whose Empress was a Hessian, the little State not only emerged scathless from the conditions of peace, but also acquired accession of territory, divided in twain, it is true, by the River Main and the city of Frankfort, but, nevertheless, greater than before. There was, moreover, another sublime condition, and that was that the Hessian officers should be supplanted by Prussians. Albeit, the Crown Princess saved the State, and when the Franco-German War broke out there was a Hessian Army willing and ready to help the "Black Eagle."

It has been erron-



THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, BISHOP OF RIPON, WHO CONDUCTED THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT CRONBERG. Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

eously assumed that by the death of her well-beloved aunt, the well-beloved aunt, the Empress Frederick, the Duchess of Fife succeeds to the title of Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland. Of course, if it were the King's pleasure, such a title could be conferred, but the granting of such a distinction to the wife of a subject is not only unlikely, but opposed to precedent. The Princess Royal is born so only when she is the eldest child of the reigning Sovereign, and the Empress Frederick Empress Frederick enjoyed this unique position—of which she was always proud— because she headed the long list of the offspring of Queen Victoria and Prince Consort.

Princess Royal, Her lamented Majesty enjoyed not only an annuity greater than those of her sisters, namely, £8000 instead of £6000, but also was provided with a suite of apartments in Buckingham Palace. These rooms will now, I learn, be assigned to Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, and be kept, as heretofore, quite distinct from the other apartments of the Palace.

I take this opportunity of giving my readers a portrait of the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, The Bishop of Bishop of Ripon, to whom fell the high honour of conducting the religious ceremony in the Castle that preceded the removal of the body of the late Empress. Born in 1841, the Bishop of Ripon has had a varied and distinguished career, with the main outlines of which every Churchman is well acquainted. It is by no means unlikely that this signal illustration of Royal favour will be followed by some further honour or preferment. Should such be the case, the step will meet with universal approval, for Dr. Boyd Carpenter is undoubtedly one of the most popular of our ecclesiastical dignitaries.

When the present Kaiser sent his message to Kruger The Kaiser and on the occasion of the Jameson Raid, it was the Empress Frederick who at once set to work to pour oil on the troubled waters, for the waters were troubled indeed. At first Queen Victoria was implacable, but gradually the kind common-sense of the Empress Frederick overcame the sore feeling not only between grandmother and grandson, but also between Great Britain and Germany. Kruger. grandmother and grandson, but also between Great Britain and Germany. The stoppage put on "Oom Paul's" proposed visit to Berlin was due to this restoration of happy union, and again the Empress Frederick used her essentially sympathetic, and at the same time wise, influence on her son. The Kaiser, as the eldest son of Queen Victoria's eldest child, is now our report friend. He has proved this constantly and we over is now our warmest friend. He has proved this constantly, and we owe

it to his devoted mother that he has found out who are his best friends. The refusal of the Kaiser to receive ex-President Kruger was the bitterest blow the latter ever received, because Dr. Leyds had assured him such a check was altogether impossible.

It was with deepest regret The late Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P. I learnt, on my return from a brief Continental holiday, that the Right Hon. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., the genial "Father of the House of Commons," had met with his death through being thrown from a hansom-cab in Parliament Street. The shock occasioned by the sad news was the more painful as it was but the other day I heard his cheery voice lifted at the Crystal Palace Festival in aid of the Royal Masonic Institu-tion for Boys, which was enriched considerably by the advocacy of this kind-hearted and open-handed Hampshire Mason, an influential honoured member of Grand Lodge. A great horseman in his time, and still hale and upright, despite the many winters that crowned his head with snow-white hair, Mr. W. W. Bramston Beach was loved and respected in many circles,



MR. W. W. B. BEACH, LATE "FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS." WHO DIED RECENTLY FROM THE EFFECTS OF A CAB ACCIDENT.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

and is sincerely mourned in Parliament, the Masonic Brotherhood, and by the county which was justly proud of this Grand Old Man as a Parliamentary representative. Naturally, the Masonic Lodges of Hampshire paid due reverence to the memory of the Right Hon. W. W. B. Peach at the impressive funeral at Deane Church, near Oakley, last Friday.

The "Father of the House."

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has succeeded his cousin, Mr. Bramston Beach, as Father of the House of Commons. Compared, however, with some recent

Links with the

Past.

"Fathers," he is young both in years and in Parliamentary service. He is only sixty-four, but he has been in the House since 1864. Parliamentarians think of Sir Michael as an old man because so many years have passed since he was first in office. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies two years after Mr. Chamberlain entered the House. Yet Mr. Chamberlain was born a year before him. There is such youthful vivacity in the present Colonial Secretary that it is hard to realise that he is the oldest man among the Cabinet Ministers in the House of Commons. There is one occupant of the Treasury Bench who is still

older, namely, Mr. Jesse Collings, but he is not in the Cabinet. He was born in 1831, and his chief was born in 1836.

There are very

few links with



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, BART.,

THE PRESENT "FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS." Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

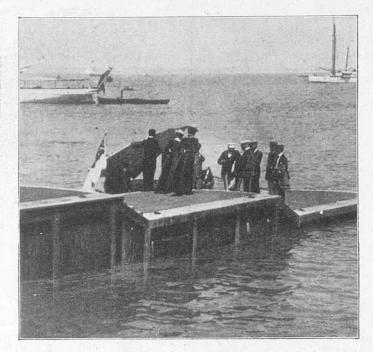
Past. Palmerston in the House of Commons. "Pam" died in 1865, and only two or three members have steadily held seats since that year. Sir James Fergusson was elected during the Crimean War, in 1854, while Lord Aberdeen was Prime Minister, and Sir Francis Powell entered the House three years later; but their record has been broken. There have been breaks also in the records of Mr. Labouchere, Mr. James Lowther, Colonel Saunderson, and Mr. Jasper More, who all found seats in 1865. On the other hand, Sir Joseph Pease and Sir William Hart-Dyke have held seats steadily since then, being only one year junior to the

new "Father of the House." A considerable number of prominent men, "C.-B.," Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chaplin, Sir Charles Dilke, and Lord George Hamilton, were elected in time to see Mr. Gladstone's first appearance as Prime Minister in 1868.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone's

Love laughs at politics. Recently, Lord Tweedmouth's son became engaged to a daughter of the War Minister, and a still more interesting engagement is that of Mr. Herbert Gladstone to Sir Richard Paget's

daughter. Sir Richard is a landowner in Somersetshire who sat on the Conservative benches for more than a quarter of a century, distinguishing himself as an authority on county affairs and sometimes crossing swords with the great Liberal Leader. Mr. Herbert Gladstone showed a disposition for some time to keep in the political background, but since he took the post of Whip at a critical period he has worked hard for the



THE KING AND PARTY AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S LANDING STAGE, COWES.

Copyright Photo by W. Reginald Prior, Muswell Hill, N.

Liberal Party. His courtesy makes him a general favourite, and his name always recommends him to Liberals. He is a good debater and has a musical voice.

Again a Black Cowes.

Cowes will long remember the first of her New Century Regattas. Last year the lamented and sudden death of Queen Victoria's second son plunged the yachting world into mourning; this year the even greater bereavement suffered by the British nation and our much-loved Royal Family has completely destroyed every vestige of gaiety on the Solent—indeed, many people actually left the Isle of Wight on the sad Tuesday in last week, while those who remained quand même put away their pretty half-mourning frocks and appeared only in plain black serge.

Rouen's Historic Procession.

Holiday-makers who availed themselves at the commencement of the month of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway's cheap Saturday to Monday excursion to Dieppe enjoyed an exceptional advantage on Sunday, Aug. 4. After a pleasurable evening at M. Bloch's delightful Casino at Dieppe, where music and the dance and the wash of the glad sea-waves vie with les petits chevaux, and after a good night's rest at the palatial Royal Hotel, they had the opportunity of taking train in the morning to the grand old town of Rouen, to view the most artistic and comprehensive historic cavalcade it has ever been my lot to witness. This was the magnificent procession illustrating the history of Rouen and of France à travers les ages—that is, from before the time of Julius Cæsar to the period of the first Empire—comprising equestrian figures of the Kings and famous Cardinals of France, Napoleon on a white charger (uncheered, I noticed), and a host of other famous men, each garbed in the costume of his age. The elegant and tasteful illuminations at night were worthy the day fête; and no doubt the Rouen charities were benefited considerably by the

brilliantly successful efforts of the Mayor and the Committee. In a glass of good Normandy cider, I drink to your good health and continued prosperity, my Norman friends!

Civic Visit to Manchester and Glasgow. The Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by Sheriffs Vaughan, Morgan, and Lawrence, M.P., have paid a visit to Manchester, where they had a series of engagements extending over a few days,

after which they proceeded to Glasgow, to visit the Exhibition. Their visit to Manchester and Glasgow was in full State. At Manchester they had a tour along the Ship Canal, and afterwards attended a banquet in the Town Hall. The Lord Mayor laid the foundation-stone of the new extension of the Linotype Company.

At Glasgow, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs were met by Lord Provost Chisholm and the Senior Magistrates. While in Scotland, the Mayoral party visited Deanston, the Perthshire residence

of Sir John Muir, Bart., where a day and night were spent. Their other engagements included a visit to the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, a State visit to the Exhibition, and a banquet of the Corporation. Certainly there has been no want of cordiality in the greeting to the Lord Mayor of the First City by the Second City of the Kingdom.

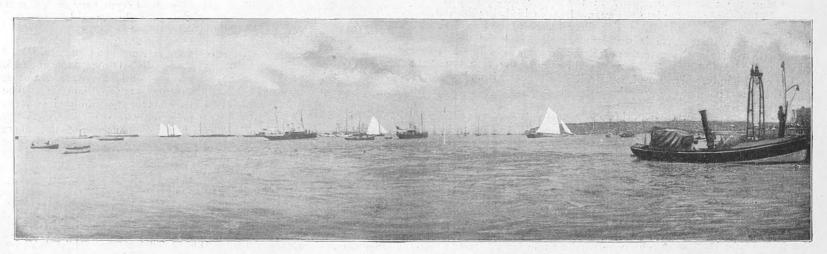
Bon Voyage, "J. F. F."! "Initials of "J. F. F." which for the better part of three years have been at the bottom of the notes written by "The Man on the Wheel" for The Sketch, will disappear for a few months. Mr. Foster Fraser has left England for St. Petersburg, and from there proceeds on a long journey right across Siberia to Manchuria. Mr.



MR. JOHN FOSTER FRASER,
WHO HAS LEFT ENGLAND ON A LONG JOURNEY
ACROSS SIBERIA TO MANCHURIA.
Photo by Fradelle and Young. Regent Street, W.

Fraser, however, is not taking his bicycle with him this time. He thinks he has done enough roughing it awheel, having ridden round the world, and is now journeying as an ordinary traveller. He is a man with the travel-fever in his veins. Up to now he has been in some twenty-nine or thirty countries. He is the Special Parliamentary Correspondent of the Yorkshire Post; but, whenever he can escape from Westminster, he is either in Switzerland mountaineering or indulging in his favourite pastime of cycling in the pretty nooks of England. Now it is Siberia that calls him. A book of his experiences will appear next year.

A Brave Etonian. Of all the two thousand Old Etonians who have so well served their country during the present War, there was none braver than poor young Lieutenant Rasbotham, of the Durham Light Infantry. The Eton College Chronicle gives a highly appreciative notice of the gallant young officer, who was recently laid to rest in Vlakfontein Graveyard. Leaving Eton in December 1897, he passed into the Army from the Militia, and with the "Faithful Durhams" went all through the Natal campaign. After enteric and pneumonia, he was invalided home in June of last year, but went out again in September. Soon after arrival, he made a most gallant attempt to save a drowning soldier, and was recommended for the Humane Society's medal. Later, he was given the command of a detachment of Mounted Infantry, and took keen delight in the work of his little troop. While out scouting, however, his men were surprised by the Boers, and at the first fire poor Rasbotham was mortally wounded. Disregarding himself, he urged his men to "keep the Boers at bay and not give in," and, like Wolfe, he died in the very moment of victory.



VIEW OF COWES ROADS.

Walter and Robert Adcock (writes a Sketch A Couple of

A Couple of Plucky Boys.

Correspondent in New Zealand), aged eleven and nine years respectively, who live at Invercargill, which is the Capital Town of Southland, on learning that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York would not visit their part of the Colony, determined that they would catch a glimpse of Royalty or perish in the attempt. They both attend the Public School in Invercargill, and apparently have studied their geography-book to some purpose, for they well knew before setting out on their adventurous journey the townships through which they would have to pass and the places where they would through which they would have to pass and the places where they would have to put in their nights. Accordingly, on the morning of June 13, without letting an inkling of their object reach the ears of their parents, they set out from their home to walk the 139 miles that separate Invercargill from Dunedin. To properly appreciate the magnitude of the two boys' undertaking, English readers must remember that in mid-June we are in the depth of our winter, that in the southernmost part of New Zealand it is not daylight before 7 a.m., while dark sets in before 5 p.m., and that during the greater part of this June the night-frosts have been unusually severe. This pair of youngsters must have possessed Spartan endurance, for they walked pluckily and steadily during daylight, slept in friendly haystacks, and subsisted on turnips which they plucked from the cultivated lands through which they passed.

The first day's walk brought them to Gore, fifty-four miles distant from their homes; the second to Balclutha, where they spent the night in a ditch; and they reached their destination at 9 pm. on the 16th, laying their wearied little bodies in a railway-truck in the Dunedin Railway Station. With the dawn of Sunday, the 17th, they wandered about the city wharves till the pangs of hunger drove them into the Central Police Station, where they tearfully told the story of their troubles into sympathetic ears. The constables on duty vied with each other in nursing and caring for the little fellows, whose feet were in such a terrible state that they had to be sent to the hospital for treatment, and did not emerge from that institution for over a week. When their story became known, through the medium of the Dunedin Press, the boys were inundated with presents and offers of attention, but the police and the hospital-nurses kept watch and ward over them until the afternoon of the 26th, when they were "Commanded" to appear before the Duke at his temporary residence in Dunedin. Thither they were conveyed by the Hospital Matron and the nurse in charge of them, and for several minutes engaged in conversation with the Duke and Duchess, as well as with members of the Royal suite. The elder boy,



WALTER AND ROBERT ADCOCK, TWO LITTLE NEW ZEALAND BOYS WHO WALKED FROM INVERCARGILL TO DUNEDIN TO SEE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Photo by G.y; Dunedin.

not used to such august environment, began to cry and became taciturn, but the younger was unabashed and answered all the Duke's queries with alacrity and nonchalance.

When Lord Ranfurly and others entered the room, His Royal Highness said, "Fancy these little fellows coming such a long distance to see me!" He spoke very kindly to both, and hoped that they would be none the worse for their long and venturesome walk; while the

Duchess said that she would be glad to hear later that they had grown up, as she felt sure they would, to be a pleasure to their parents and a credit to the land of their birth. Then Prince Teck, turning to the boys,

the stuff to make fine soldiers of the Empire," and he sent them on their way rejoicing and the proud possessors of photo-graphs of the Royal couple with the Royal autograph across them.

A week later the boys were discharged from the hospital, cured, and have now returned to their homes.

Those of my readers " Mrs. " who compare the portrait of Mrs. Russell.Richard Russell published on this page with the one that appeared in a recent number of The Sketch will see at once that the former hardly did the lady justice. My reason, therefore, for giving a



MRS. RICHARD RUSSELL. Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin

second picture so soon should be obvious. By the way, the correspondent who forwarded the paragraph that accompanied the first portrait seems to have been misinformed on several points. For example, Mrs. "Dick" Russell has not been on the river at Maidenhead for four years. I regret that the mistake should have occurred and also that the paragraph should have appeared without Mrs. Russell's knowledge.

A Drawing by the King has granted a unique favour to the Girl's Realm, by giving his consent to the publication of a drawing which His Majesty made when a lad for the benefit of a charitable War Fund. The drawing appears with a number of sketches by Queen Victoria which Her Majesty gave to Landseer. Great curiosity has been shown about the appearance of those Royal drawings these Royal drawings.

A Future Paeress? The first summer of the century has brought a great joy to the ever-popular Mr. "Freddy" Smith and The birth of a little daughter, and in this case heiress, seven years after her parents' marriage, has been hailed with great satisfaction by their hosts of friends. Should little Miss Smith remain an only child, she will in due course inherit the Viscountry bestowed by the late Sovereign on the much-loved wife of one of Her Majesty's most trusted Ministers, Mr. W. H. Smith. Lady Hambleden is one of the most distinguished members of the group of Peeresses in their own right at the head of which is the Baroness Burdett-Courts. Lady Esther Smith, the lucky baby's mother, is one of the daughters of Lord Arran, Lady Airlie being another.

Mr. Rhodes and "Dr. Jim" at

Rannoch Lodge, the shooting-lodge at the extreme west end of Loch Rannoch, in Perthshire, occupied

"Dr. Jim" at Rannoch Lodge. West end of Loch Rannoch, in Pertisinre, occupied this month by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, with his henchman, Dr. Jameson, was occupied by Mr. Andrew miles from a railway station, the nearest being Struan, on the Highland Railway. Now there is a station on the West Highland Line, about five miles away. R. L. Stevenson brings Alan Breek down by the west end of the loch, towards Glen Lyon and the Lowlands. There is a remnant of the old Caledonian Forest on the south side of the loch, from which many fine views of Schiehallion may be obtained from a boat while fishing on Loch Rannoch or in driving round the edge of the loch. The whole circumference of the loch is dotted with shooting-lodges, now occupied by their autumn tenants. The most famous proprietor in this district, besides Sir Robert Menzies, was the late Mr. Bunten, of Dunalastair, Chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company.

In presence of the Dowager-Countess of Airlie, the Memorial to the Countess of Airlie, the young Earl of Airlie, Sir James and Lady Ramsay of Bamff, Major and Earl of Airlie. Mrs. Ogilvy of Ruthven, and a distinguished company, Lord Breadalbane unveiled the other day the memorial erected in the Market Square of Alyth to the Earl of Airlie, killed at Diamond Hill; to Nigel Neiss Ramsay, younger of Bamff, killed at Magersfontein; and Charles Wedderburn Ogilvy, younger of Ruthven, a trooper of the Fife and Forfar Light Horse, who died at sea. The memorial is in the form of an Expertise shelick standing twenty three feet in height and constructed Egyptian obelisk standing twenty-three feet in height, and constructed of grey Aberdeen granite. The shaft, or spire, which rises from a pedestal plinth, has a slim but exceedingly picturesque appearance, and is enriched at the foot by a broad band of Egyptian ornament. Over the top of the pediment, on which are carved the regimental coats-of-arms, are the words, "In memory of South African heroes," and underneath the name of David Stanley William, ninth Earl of Airlie, Lord Roberts' tribute to that gallant soldier is inscribed, "I deplore the death of that gallant soldier the Earl of Airlie," Bacon and Bliss. Just what connection there is between a side of bacon and the bliss of a harmonious married life would be hard to determine, but any time these hundreds of years the one has been deemed the reward of the other—at Dunmow. The



THE DUNMOW FLITCH COMPETITION: PRELIMINARY PLEASURES OF OYSTERS AND WHELKS.

ceremony of the flitch associated with that Essex village has had a chequered history. No one knows who established the custom, no one knows why its observance was so spasmodic in olden times; but its modern revival has added to the pleasures of the August Bank Holiday and given faithful couples a stage on which to prove to the world how unbroken has been their wedded bliss. The promoters have small faith in the amount of wedded happiness in England, or otherwise they would offer more than two flitches for competition. So far as the crowd is concerned, perhaps even one flitch would be enough, for the spice of the "trial" loses something of its keenness when it is repeated too many times. The couples who face the ordeal of having their courtship and married life made the topic of debate before a tent crowded with ribald people undoubtedly give full value for the bacon. Anyway, the ceremony offers a unique form of innocent amusement to a lot of holiday-makers, and, as such, it richly deserves the success with which it is crowned.

M. Loubet's New Honour.

The President's family are officially at Rambouillet (writes my Paris Correspondent), but in reality they are all down at Montélimar, where M. Loubet's daughter, Madame de Saint-Prix, has just presented him with a second grandson, to whom she has given the name of Hector. M. de Saint-Prix has been Judge in the Marseilles tribunals, and has just been transferred to the same situation at Paris.

Admiral Gervais. The darling of the French Navy, Admiral Gervais, has just had his apotheosis. In command of the Naval Manœuvres in the Mediterranean, the Government has awarded him on the occasion the highest honour in the French Army, the military medal, and the highest rank in the Legion of Honour, the Grand Cross. It was certainly due, for his is the most brilliant career in the French Navy. He has been conspicuous in every great French



THE DUNMOW FLITCH COMPETITION: ONE OF THE CLAIMANTS BEING CROSS-EXAMINED.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

affair needing the Army or the Navy for the last fifty years. He was in the China campaign of 1860, and he was at Cronstadt when the famous Alliance was baptised. Nothing has been wanting to prepare him to command the French naval forces in case of a war, not even a two years' stay at the French Embassy in London, nor a friendly visit afterwards to Portsmouth in command of a fleet.

M. de Lanessan. The present French Minister of the Marine has a different sort of record. They say he has tried all the professions there are. Evidently this is exaggerated. In the Cyclopædias he has his name followed by "Politician and Naturalist." He has written a number of scientific works, I believe. Opinions are varied as to how much he knows about the Marine. One thing is positively certain on this head: it is that he has made a submarine voyage in the Gustave Zédé. Gossips pretend that, although he makes part of a Republican Cabinet, he has assumed the emblems of an aristocratic title, and that they are recent. They say he has a Count's crown embroidered all over his underwear and his bed-linen. He wears a seal with elaborate arms and the legend "Partout à l'Honneur." He cultivates a ceremonious courtesy of the old school, which makes the chroniclers rally him with the title of "the last of the gentlemen."

Napoleon's House. Those who have vowed a cult to Napoleon will be interested to learn that Malmaison is nearly ready to receive them on pilgrimage. It is a colossal restoration that M. Osiris has made there; every piece of furniture, art-object, trinket, named in the inventory of the epoch that can be found is being put back in its original place. The State has recently accepted the Imperial gift at the hands of M. Osiris, and will collect there all its scattered Napoleonic souvenirs. The fanatics will be delighted to know that M. Osiris has



THE DUNMOW FLITCH COMPETITION: THE TRIAL IN PROGRESS.

even traced the path of Napoleon when he made his last tour of the château before starting for exile. This supreme fanatic has named this promenade the "Route de l'Exil" and has bordered it with laurels.

A Malgache Doctor.

The success of M. Gershon Ramisaray in securing his degree as a Doctor of Medicine is the first practical result of the French occupation of Madagascar. Ramisaray, whom I met on more than one occasion, had the courage of a great man. He was only twenty-five years of age, and his knowledge of French was of the thinnest. But he was encouraged by his pretty young Hova wife, and he struggled without rest. It was a blow for the fine flower of French education when they heard that the little Malgache, with his sad face, and long, curly hair, had come in an easy winner and they were nowhere.

When the Prince de Sagan (adds my Paris Correspondent), relying upon his powerful influence, thought to obtain the concession to construct a velodrome in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris rose in its wrath when it was found that a woodman had touched one tree. It is with satisfaction that I hear that the proposal to concede six acres of the matchless Forêt de Saint Cloud to an Athletic Club is to be opposed tooth and nail. I don't blame those responsible for the development of sport round Paris, but, unfortunately, their track has always been followed by barrel-organs, roundabouts, and a general demolition of all country and old-time charm.

The late Empress. Rarely have more dignified and appreciative articles on a dead Monarch appeared in the French Press than those consecrated to the late Empress Frederick. There is not one discordant cry, not even from such an anti-English paper as the Patrie. She is treated as a worthy daughter of a great mother, and her determined struggle in her son's interest against the evil influences of Bismarck is held up as a model of maternity. Those who, long before an automobile race between Paris and Berlin was dreamed of, were bitter against the dead Empress for having visited the ruins of the Château de St. Cloud, when she came to Paris to induce French painters to exhibit in Berlin, express regret that such a natural incident should have been misunderstood and caused pain to her.

That " Unwilling".
Paris Exhibition.

I remember christening an article in The Sketch "That Unwilling Exhibition," and more than one contemporary had the courtesy to acknowledge the

adjective. That was before it came, and it is now showing a more set determination not to go away. The buildings are offered at a knockdown price, but not a bid is forthcoming, and Parisians are beginning to ask if ever the huge breathingspace on the Champ de Mars is to be handed back to them. Meanwhile, M. Alfred Picard, the Administrator, has set all Paris in a roar of laughter by issuing special tickets to the Press entitling them to go and look at the belated ruins.

A Paris Emerald Hit will be a thousand pities if the Paris Municipal Council find that their budget will not entitle them to spend eighty thousand francs on the Montmartre Gardens. The scheme is to crown the hill that looks over Paris, with its superb basilique of Sacré Cœur, with magnificent gardens and fountains. St. Mark's in Venice would be nothing in comparison if this scheme could be carried out, and the famous hill with reminiscences of a thousand years of the story of Lutece would be the sweetest lounging-place in the world.

Is Réjane Retiring?

That is generally exceptionally well informed as to the doings at the Vaudeville (says my Paris Correspondent), I am assured that Madame Réjane seriously considers retiring from the stage. As I pointed out many months ago in The Sketch, the contract of Réjane with the Vandeville, which is directed by M. Porel, her husband, is rendered void if a specified dividend is not paid to the shareholders in the company. That dividend has not been reached for a long time, and it was only on the insistence of her husband

that she consented to appear. As I am informed, the programme of Réjane is this: She will assume the direction of a theatre, which will probably bear her name, and from time to time appear in plays from her old répertoire. I sincerely trust that the Paris stage is not to sustain this loss and that my informant has for once been caught tripping.

A Man without
Words.

General André, the French War Minister, has just unveiled the monument to Victor Considérant a strange swing of the pendulum, but characteristic

of French life. Considerant was condemned to death for his revolutionary



MISS FANNY WARD, WINNER OF THE "PELICAN'S" SMARTEST LADY COMPETITION.

Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

ideas forty years ago, but pardoned. From that day he never spoke save with a monosyllable. With his solid head and flowing hair he gave you the impression of a sleeping lion. With his absinthe before him, he would listen for hours to the theories that were offered him, but, beyond a slight twitch of the eyes or a shrug of the shoulders, he might have been a statue—a striking contrast to Amilcar Cipriani, who is the best of good fellows.

Jules Verne's Health.

They say that Jules Verne is in very poor health. He still takes his promenades about Amiens, and until recently he made his daily visit, as had long been his habit, to the Hôtel de Ville in his quality of city official. The author of "Round the World in Eighty Days" was also well enough to welcome back the adventurous Matin representative who beat his imaginary hero at his own game.

Miss Fanny Ward. Miss Fanny Ward, whose latest portrait appears on this page, has added to her various triumphs, histrionic and social, by winning the handsome hundred-and-fifty-guinea dressing-case which my sprightly contemporary, the Pelican, gave as first prize in its most recent competition. Each Season the Pelican invites its readers to decide some knotty point, and this year the conundrum propounded was, "Who is the smartest lady of the Season?" To this, Pelican veaders have replied "Miss Fanny Ward" with no uncertain voice, for the lady succeeded in securing no less than 23,721 votes, or 3681 more than Mrs. Lake, who was second, and 5000 more than

Mrs. Langtry, who was third. Miss Ward, who last year became the wife of Mr. Joe Lewis, the well-known South African millionaire, has been seen all too little on the stage of late, and there be many playgoers who would gladly welcome her back to the boards, recollecting her admirable performances in "A Night Out," "Lord and Lady Algy," and similar pieces.



THE WHITE STAR R.M.S. "CELTIC" (THE LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT) IN THE MERSEY, WHENCE SHE SAILED ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK.



HOW I SOUGHT SOLITUDE—AND FOUND IT.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

For New Readers.—Chippers and I decide to spend a fortnight in a lonely farmhouse on the North Cornish coast. We cycle from London, and, the third day out, get lost on the moor at night in a heavy storm of rain. Chippers thinks he can find the way by his toy compass

CHAPTER 1. (continued) -Lost on the Moor.

II!" he exclaimed. "Now I've solved the difficulty. Our farmhouse lies due west. Very well, then. All we have to do is to find out where the west

GOOD

ROLLO!

OLD

is and take the first road going in

that direction."
"That's capital!" I replied, dabbling in the rivulet that flowed around me and playfully splashing some of the water over my back and chest. "The only thing is that, by the time it gets light enough for you to see the compass, we shall both of us have gone so far west that we shall know all about what occurs to the sun when it sets, and a whole heap of other things besides.'

Then Chippers, without a word, struck a fusee and found out where the west was. After that, he moved off along the road, and I was obliged to struggle up and wade after him. Presently we came to what looked like four cross-roads.

"We must take the one on the

right," said Chippers.
"Left, old man!" said I.

"I'm going to the right," said Chippers, and he went. The road we had now struck was narrow, steep, and rocky. Every now and

then we would drop into a Cornish rut, some two feet deep, and once I heard Chippers and his machine-they were about fifty yards ahead of me—falling heavily over a huge boulder that had got left in the middle of the track by some careless road-mender. I laughed. It was unkind, I know, but I was tired to death, and I never can help laughing when I'm wet through.



wet through. Next moment I fell over the same boulder myself, and from away round the corner came a stomachie chuckle that I have sometimes heard behind me in the Club when I have been perfectly certain that everybody else has gone to bed. It didn't sound any more musical even in the depths of a Cornish lane.

How long we plodded on I know not, but it must have been some three or four hours after we left the main road that Chippers saw a lighted window. At the same moment.

the sound of waves breaking over rocks fell upon our draggled ears. "There's a light!" shouted Chippers.
"What?" I gasped, hurrying so fast to catch him up that I fell

three times with my machine

under me,
"A light," he answered,
"What do you keep laconically. "What do you keep on falling down for?"

A wild, passionate desire came over me to make an end of him then and there. It was an ideal place for a murder—that deep-sunk Cornish lane. the night, with its inky darkness, was all in my favour. However, was all in my favour. on second thoughts, it occurred to me that he wouldn't make at all a romantic-looking corpse, so I held myself in check and asked him where the light was.

"On your left," he said. "I shall have fried ham and eggs and a tankard of beer."

His cocksure manner annoyed me. "It's a Will-o'-the-wisp," I answered. "I saw it a long

"All right," said Chippers, cheerfully; "don't come. I shall have a cigar after supper and some coffee. Very likely they 'll have some fine old brandy stowed away somewhere—smuggled, of course. Good-night!"

He moved off again, and I, hoping against hope, followed. I thought, also, that we had better arrive together if it was the place. Besides, there might be only brandy enough for one. After losing the light and finding

it again some fourteen to twenty times, we met a dog. I didn't know what kind of dog it was, but it looked very large and barked loudly enough to make one realise how far we were from help of any kind. Chippers, who was in front a little, dropped back to me.

"Tired, old man?" he asked, with the first show of sympathy I had received from him since we left London.

"You're not afraid of the beast, are you?" said I. "Good old fellow, then; lie down!"

"Afraid!" said Chippers, with a little tremble in his voice. "Great Scott, man, there's no one fonder of dogs than I am. Good old Rollo!"

Even as the words left his lips. there was a bound, a crash, and the animal had laid the little fat man

out in a pool of water.
"Help!" I shouted. "Lie down,
you beast! Help! help!"

There was no reply for a full minute, and then a voice, coming through the darkness, asked us, in strong Cornish, what the matter was.

"Matter?" I screamed. "Call this expletived dog off! He's killed my friend already!"

Our host, for such he proved to be, called off the dog and led the way to his house. The building looked rather meagre, I thought, even in the gloom, but we were too tired and wet and hungry to care about that. All

we wanted was a change of clothes, some food, and a place to sleep.
"Ho-o-oo-o!" shivered Chippers, creeping into the farmer's kitchen,

a mass of mud and rags, "I'm glad we've got here!"
"I'm very wet," I moaned, turning to the farmer's wife.

She said, in Cornish, that she dared say I was. She was an uncouth-

looking woman, with a hard jaw and a defiant eye.
"I'll have a warm bath," I said, thinking that there might be only one bath-room, "and my friend would like to change his clothes. After that, we'll take something nice and hot for supper; and, perhaps," added, turning to the host, "you can find us a drop of old brandy. Y don't mind where it comes from as long as it's good."

The man looked at us for a minute with his mouth open, scratched his head, and then jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his sour-visaged partner. This person, in her turn, informed us that the fire was out, but she could give us a bit of cold meat and some beer. As to a bath, that, it seemed, was out of the question. To begin with, there wasn't a bath of any kind in the house. Furthermore, our luggage

hadn't arrived, and so we couldn't change our clothes.

For a little while I was too stunned and shocked by all this to realise the full extent of our misery. When I did so, I staggered across to Chippers and held out my hand. He grasped it pathetically and turned away. I should not have been supprised if either on both we had been

surprised if either or both us had burst into tears.







MISS KATE CUTLER IN A SMART HOLIDAY FROCK.

MR. AND MRS. DRURIOLANUS.

T was in the course of several intervals of Old Drury's Managing Director, Arthur Collins, and his sweet young bride's travelling to and from their lovely houseboat Venice, at Henley, that I contrived to capture the two or three chats necessary for the formation of this description of the several vast Collinsian enterprises now in progress.

But, before speaking of Collins, it is, of course, fitting that I should give Sketch readers some account of his aforesaid fascinating twenty-two-year-old bride, whose charming countenance is herein pictured for

the first time in any British journal.

Mrs. Collins is, I may tell you, a native of that "Paradise" of America, Los Angeles, and was educated at Baltimore, Maryland. She is a daughter of a celebrated Californian Confederate Captain who was also a Senator and a District Attorney. After leaving college, the future Mrs. Collins, with her chaperon, travelled in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and so on, taking in the Ober-Ammergan Passion Play en route. It soon becomes evident in conversation that this lovely American citizeness did not go about " Eu-rope" (as many of her nation call it) with her beautiful eyes closed. On the contrary, she took care to store her young cranium well, and became especially au fait in most matters pertaining to Art in the nations she visited. Her knowledge of Roman, Florentine, and Venetian artobjects is especially minute, as those who have happened to drop into

The first of his three big Drury Lane productions will, of course, be Cecil Raleigh's annual autumn drama. Up to the moment of writing, the smart Cecil had not been able to fix the name of this play. be Cecil Raleigh's annual autumn drama. Sooth to say, its character is so varied and ever-shifting that it is a little difficult to give it a name. For example, the action starts, I find, with a strong infusion of Gipsy Life as She is Lived Up-River. After a strong dramatic scene, you will find certain of the Romany tribe coming into conflict with the servitors of a local riparian Millionaire, who likes to keep all his newly acquired estate to himself, refusing to allow thereon even visitors of the well-behaved type. After heavy alarums and excursions between the Nomads and the Millionaireans—a struggle involving, of course, the sufferings of the poor but honest hero, to say nothing of the ditto, ditto heroine—you will next find this same millionaire so heavily concerned in making a corner in food-stuffs that he brings terrible hardship and privation upon what Béranger (or his adapter) calls "the toiling, spawning myrmidons." In short, the plutocrat's sometime unreasoning high-handedness causes terrible riots in Slumland. It is in these highly contrasted and vivid scenes, showing, now,

the heedless waste of wealth, and, next, the soul-numbing tortures of want, that the aforesaid artistic "producer" Collins will have even more scope than usual for displaying not only a series of striking and picturesque stage-pictures, but also his wonderful skill in the arrangement of stage-crowds.

Of this newest of Old Drury dramas it is sufficient at present to add



MR. ARTHUR COLLINS, THE CELEBRATED MANAGING DIRECTOR OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Photo by Langfler, Old Bond Street, W.

this subject in her presence speedily discover. Yet she is, for a lady (and, dare I say, for an American lady?), singularly untalkative. She seems rather to prefer manifesting an increasing anxiety to make her friends and guests comfortable, whether it be in her delightful house or her ditto houseboat. It was, indeed, in this good ship Venice that Mrs. Collins entertained the Pennsylvanian crew when they came to Henley to row against the Leanderites. The gracious little lady also thus welcomed certain English crews, especially that of Trinity Hall.

Mrs. Collins jocularly points out that on her recent arrival in England, just after her marriage, at 9 p.m. one day (with everyone in evening-dress, as the custom is in the States), at the famous Little Church Around the Corner, a great deal of her time was at first taken up by introductions to the very extensive Collins family. The young bride is quite right, for the number of friend Arthur's near relations alone is enough to stagger a member of any average-sized family. For example, bridegroom Collins possesses, in addition to the usual father and mother, nine brothers, two sisters, five sisters-in-law, eighteen nephews, twenty-one nieces, and aunts and uncles too numerous to be enumerated in one issue of The Sketch.

Mr. Collins says he advises every busy man to endeayour to arrange for his marriage ceremony to take place in New York City, because then he can put in a full day's work, dress, have his dinner quietly, and "go on" to the church between nine and ten, and then be in plenty of time for the ceremony. But then, of course, few men, even of the most businesslike type, are as imperturbable as Collins, and his extreme imperturbability is all the more astounding when you come to consider that few men are so busy. Proof of this will presently appear.



MRS. ARTHUR COLLINS, THE BRILLIANT YOUNG MANAGER'S FAIR AMERICAN BRIDE.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

that it is during the biggest scene concerned with this terrible social upheaval that the haughty millionaire discovers that even the possession of Untold Gold is powerless to save the possessor from the never-failing Nemesis that tracks down evil-doers, be they plutocrats or paupers. In this scene, Cecil Raleigh (according to Collins) reaches a very heartsearching climax, showing that the millionaire has in his blind rage struck at— But hist! we are ourselves in—the next paragraph. But hist! we are observed. Let us hasten to conceal

Directly this Druriolanean Capital v. Labour—or rather, Wealth v. Want-drama is well under way, which will be by the middle or end of September, Collins and Co. will have to increase their labour upon getting their last year's vast pantomime, with its Crystal Fountains, &c., ready to embark for New York, to open at the local Broadway Theatre on Nov. 4, with the fascinating Miss Mabelle Gilman as Beauty, and Joseph Herbert (late of "The Fortune-Teller," at the Shaftesbury) in Day Love's part. Dan Leno's part. Once this enormous production is on the high seas, Collins will set to work in real earnest, day and night, to produce Old Drury's newest pantomime, which is to be on the subject of "Bluebeard," the theme of poor Sir Augustus Harris's first pantomime at this house. A great many things have happened since "Gus" Harris, then an ardent young beginner in management (with Arthur Collins as his youthful and equally ardent assistant), produced that "Blue Beard." Collins's will, thanks to the latest discoveries, be a far more resplendent affair. Yea, in every way worthy of the now wonderfully rebuilt Old Drury.

After the pantomime will come "Ben Hur," of which tremendous Oriental semi-"religious" production more anon.—H. CHANCE NEWTON.

A PAGE OF PICTURES FROM THE HARVEST-FIELD.

OWING TO THE PROLONGED DROUGHT, THE ENGLISH HARVEST THIS YEAR IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST ON RECORD, AND, IN MANY CASES, THE LIGHTEST.



A PAIR OF SELF-BINDERS AT WORK.



REAPING OATS: THIS IS THE FIRST CORN-CROP HARVESTED.



SETTING UP THE STOOKS.



THE STACK-YARD: MODERN METHODS.



AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN.



TIRED-OUT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

N connection with the dispute between Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Hall Caine, an interesting case is very shortly to be heard in the Isle of Man Courts. It appears that a well-known resident in the island gave a Douglas bookseller an order to send him the Lady's Magazine for twelve months. He now refuses to pay for the subscription, as he contends he ordered the magazine solely to read "The Eternal City," and that when the story was stopped the Lady's Magazine was not according to its original promise and prospectus. The bookseller is suing for the amount of the subscription and the case is to be most vigorously defended.

The last volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's Letters will contain some very valuable new matter which Mr. Rowland E. Prothero has lately discovered relating to Byron's career as an enthusiast for Grecian liberty and to the troop of two hundred soldiers upon which he spent large sums of money.

Mr. de Vinne, the greatest living authority on printing, has been estimating the cost of the production of the first Shakspere folio, at the request of Dr. Appleton Morgan, a well-known American Shakspere Mr. de Vinne estimates the cost of five hundred copies, including the printer's profit, at £70, or about 2s. 9d per copy. "The folio-book in 1623," he writes, "sold for from ten to twelve shillings. This may seem an enormous advance, but it should be recollected that the book was slow of sale. If I recollect rightly, it took more than forty years (1623-1664) to sell two editions of Shakspere." This, according to the book was slow of sale. If I recollect rightly, it took more supported by years (1623-1664) to sell two editions of Shakspere." This, according to Dr. Appleton Morgan, means that the first folio, allowing only five Dresent currency from £850 to £1400. "In 1623," he writes, "there seemed to have been an utter forgetfulness of Shakspere and his works. As to those works, he had not left them to his family, and his family were Puritans who thought plays the work of the devil, and so did all they could to suppress them. As to the players (Shakspere's old comrades and their successors), they were living from hand to mouth. Who, then, disbursed the very considerable amount of money necessary to print the first folio?" Dr. Appleton Morgan contends that it is more than possible that the cost was borne by Lord Bacon himself.

The difficulty of discovering unused titles for novels is becoming increasingly great every year. I hear that Mr. Gilbert Parker is to call his new book "Dick Donovan"; but this will surely create confusion, for "Dick Donovan" is the well-known pseudonym of a writer of detective stories. Another popular writer chose as his title "Ronald Macdonald," but the publisher pointed out that this would be hardly fair on Dr. George MacDonald's son, who has himself a new novel ready for autumn publication.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has a "Book of Rascals" ready for publication this autumn. It is a series of sketches of famous scoundrels, from Jonathan Wild to the Tichborne Claimant.

I hear great things of a novel, "The Potter and the Clay," which is to be issued in the autumn. The author is a girl just out of her teens, but those who have read the advance sheets of her first book are confident that it will create something of a sensation. It is a romance of military life in India, and tells of the magnificent struggle of a young officer between love and honour.

"Truth," the third volume of Zola's four Evangels, is to be ready this autumn. It deals with life among French schoolmasters and boys, and is a violent attack on the present educational system. He advocates a kind of co-operative education, and closes with a picture of an ideal community employing Socialistic methods. As soon as "Truth" is completed, Zola will begin work on "Justice," the last volume of the series, which will be based on the history of the Dreyfus Case.

Lucas Malet's new novel, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," is said to differ entirely from her previous work. It is a tragic and very dramatic story, "frankly realistic and modern." The time of the action is from 1842 to 1875, and the scene changes from Hampshire to London and Naples.

In a biography of Tschaïkowsky recently published in Russia there is a most interesting account of the great musician's relations with Tolstoy. Tolstoy's views on music are decidedly unconventional, but Tschaïkowsky when a young man owed not a little to his encouragement and help. When he became famous, he arranged with Rubinstein a remarkable concert for the great author's exclusive and special benefit. Tolstoy was the only auditor present while Rubinstein and Tschaïkowsky conducted and played selections from their works. The composer and author parted company some time later, on account of Tolstoy's attitude towards Beethoven, whose genius he questioned. In sending Tscharkowsky some musical material, consisting of peasant melodies and national songs, Tolstoy be ged him to develop the themes in the Mozart-Haydn style, "not after the Beethoven-Berlioz manner, which is artificial and strains after unexpected effects." Tschaïkowsky thereupon makes sorrowful entry in his diary in regard to Tolstoy's depreciation of Beethoven: "This is a trait which is not at all distinctive of great men. To lower one's own plane of inability to depreciate the genius of those universally recognised as masters is the peculiarity of mediocre people." Tscharkowsky's musical growth followed the lines of Beethoven-Berlioz, while Tolstoy's dislike of these appropriate forms. while Tolstoy's dislike of these composers found sensational expression in "What is Art?"—published after Tschaïkowsky's death.

WITH LIMELIGHT AND WITHOUT.

LA LOÏE FULLER REHEARSES.

711H the greensward for stage, roses for footlights, and the birds for orchestra, La Loïe Fuller recently rehearsed some of the movements of her latest dances on the lawn of The Grange, Hampstead, which has been her home during her visit to London. Any loiterer on the Heath might have looked over the hedge without so much as a gallery charge, but on that workaday morning the Heath was well-nigh deserted. The performance was for a benefit—the benefit of some journalistic photographers auxious to record La Loïe's latest movements. The dancer was wearing her rehearsal dress, a much less voluminous affair than any worn on the stage, and, as the breeze stirred the gauzy draperies, more than a suspicion of the pale-mauve tricots beneath was visible. As La Loïe flitted about, representing now a butterfly with outstretched wings, now a rose, now the Lady of the Flames, and, finally, a great white folded lily, the sun's light caught the gauze of the draperies and turned them into glistening silver. Was it Nature or Art we were admiring? Nature, Miss Fuller would have said, for it is Nature that suggests to her all her effects. Once she interrupted a pose to stoop and watch a busy insect in the grass, which, she declared, was working "just as hard as it knew how, dear beast!" The eyes which have suffered from the glare of the limelight are evidently still strong enough to note the most trifling things in the dancer's environment. But, except when she is dancing, Miss Fuller wears glasses, and not only was her eyesight endangered, but a form of nervous prostration from which she has now happily recovered resulted from the exposure to the glaring light.

We had experience of its fierceness when, a few nights later, some of us watched Miss Fuller's dance from the wings of the Shaftesbury Theatre. We could feel the glare even from our shelter in a wooden framework, on top of which the limelight man was perched. Miss Fuller thoroughly understands the mechanism of lights, and, as the dance proceeded, we could hear her in rapid understones giving the operator instructions. Then-for she is a mistress of detail-she would turn to the property-man and give some direction about the draping of the pedestal for the Archangel scene, or, in fluent French, instruct her dresser, who waits in the wings with the Archangel's dress. All the dresses worn by Miss Fuller in her dances are modifications of the gauze draperies in which we had seen her dance in the garden at Hampstead. They are usually made of Japanese silk, with huge, wing-like sleeves, extended on long, supple wands, which are waved about in the movements of the dance. In the Archangel's dress there are a thousand yards of silk, and it was little wonder that the wearer seemed overcome by the weight. For some of the dances, heavy slabs of plateglass are placed above a trap-door, through which in the Fire Dance the

flames seem to rush upwards.

"RESTING."

A PERSONAL POEM ON POPULAR PLAYERS.

Many pretty and popular players Are now truly rural in tone; Up the river awhile they are stayers, Or seaward they seek the ozone. Some few on the Continong wander, On Plage or on Alp to disport, But most of Thamesis are fonder-Yea, there many "stars" now resort.

Arthur Collins and bride are at Henley (The Venice their boat—put it down); More Wey-ward you'll find the droll Penley Between his quaint shows up in town; The Boucicaults, now honeymooning,
At Marlow (great Shelley's spot) stay!
Harry Nicholls is there, calmly crooning, And Mrs. Brown-Potter's at Bray.

The Wyndhams just now are Dieppe-ing; Mary Moore has a Cookham retreat; Evelyn Millard towards Shiplake keeps stepping, The Raleighs find Folkestone quite sweet. The Bourchiers have been a Welsh-Hilling, Quarry Wood rich-voiced Melba reveals;
And the Lily of Jersey is killing
No end of her native Isle's Eels!

George Edwardes at Ogbourne reposes, Where all his rare racers are found; And Willard seeks rest amid roses At Banstead, where blisses abound. Beerbohm Tree has gone Marienbadding, Alexander to Rab's Land o' Cakes; Henry Irving round Clogshire is gadding, And sweet Ellen Terry's at Aix.

LA LOÏE FULLER, THE CELEBRATED SKIRT-DANCER,

REHEARSING ON THE LAWN OF HER HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.









From Photographs by Albert Elsner.

MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

N ingenious contributor to the Strand Magazine has been at some pains to ascertain from various artists which of their pictures are preferred by themselves, and it is interesting to note his statement that

Mr. Goodall's Preference is for "The Ploughman and the Shepherdess,"

a brilliant and poetical example of his power now, happily, the property

It is to be observed that the artist did not make this choice without much hesitation, and there is a reason for this which I shall proceed to divulge. The selection that he made was not his real choice, though I am far from doubting that he thoroughly believed in it himself. It was only his "official"

choice, made in the same spiritas the public statements of Cabinet Ministers. His preference is for a seriesnot for a single work.

In his daughter's sanctum at Avenue Road hangs a collection of the most dainty little water-colours, executed with a degree of freshand tenderness that is not equalled by, or even attempted in, the work at the Tate Gallery. What do they represent? Well, I don't wish to give away secrets; but, if you are an artist, and have watched a pretty little daughter growing up from babyhood to girlhood, noting her graceful, arch, and unstudied poses as she was, perhaps, playing hide-andseek, teaching her dog his tricks, or learning to draw-why, peradventure you may guess.

But I must not go into details about this series, nor even say what is the subject of its culminating worka brilliant and charming full-length portrait in oils. It will be more appropriate. though less gratifying, to the for bearing reader's curiosity to refer to another series that hangs

IN MR. GOODALL'S STUDIO,

the series of Egyptian sketches that has supplied him with so much material for his characteristic representations of the East.

Here the Bedouins may be seen with their camels and their tents, and engaged in all their

peculiar occupations, which, like their manners and customs, and their language, too, seem searcely to have changed since the

TIME OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Nowhere else is there such a comprehensive representation of Arab life. Mr. Goodall was nearly becoming a Bedouin himself. If he had said "Yes" to the proposal of the hospitable people with whom he encamped for three months some thirty years ago, the thing would have been settled. He had inspired their respect, even their awe, by the magical effect that he produced with a box of Holloway's ointment on the bald head of a young woman, to whom it had never occurred to remove the customary wrappings from her brow and to wash her pate. Anyhow, her hair began to grow, and I expect my share of the fabulous fortune that this announcement will bring to the vendors of the preparation if they are still carrying on their lucrative business. But the point is Mr. Goodall said "No"; and, though it's greatly to his credit that he remained an Englishman on that occasion, still further credit is reflected on him by other incidents and achievements. He might have been an

Irishman-so, at least, thought Tom Moore, the poet, who actually asked before being introduced to him, "Is he an Irishman?"; but was content to shake hands with him on receiving the assurance, "He's not really an Irishman, but he's as good as an Irishman." He also knew the poet Rogers, one of whose verses suggested the picture, "Cranmer at the Tower." From this it will be gathered that Mr. Goodall's recollections go back a long way.

His father, Edward Goodall, was an engraver who was often at work on the reproduction of pictures by Turner, and no impressionable boy of artistic bent could fail to be influenced by the frequent sight of these triumphs of colour. But he must not copy them, for to have permitted this would have been contrary to the engraver's code of honour.

HE STUDIED AT THE "Zoo"-

a useful experience that told later on, when he came to portray the camel; he worked at the famous life-school in St. Martin's Lane (where

Etty also had familiarised himself with the human figure), and then he saw the dazzling colour of the Orient in the works of David Roberts, which inspired him with an irresistible desire to go to the East.

There is much in Mr. Goodall's house to arouse the interest of visitors-the beautiful old Egyptian latticework that decorates the gallery of the studio; the preliminary essays for his great pictures (for he always works them out on a small scale in the first place); the friendly pigeon that figured as a model for

"THE SPIRIT OF THE DOVE"

fourteen years ago, and is now a much-esteemed pensioner that coos and bows in affectionate recognition of its master, and once softened the heart of a Persian eat, that meditated its destruction, by persistently cooing and bowing, until pussy came to the conclusion that he would rather enjoy the bird's conversation than pick its bones. There is the

POWERFUL PORTRAIT OF GLADSTONE

as he was just before his last appearance in Parliament --a work that assuredly ought to be in the National Portrait Gallery; and, most engaging of all, the artist himself, the artist himself, with the members of his family.

It is needless for me to refer to Mr. Goodall's work, since

who have interested themselves in the artistic developments of the time. I may, however, mention, as an example of his determination to secure exactitude, that he actually

IMPORTED TWO FLOCKS OF THE PICTURESQUE EGYPTIAN SHEEP that impart so much interest to several of his works, and kept them on a farm at Harrow Weald for use as models, so long as they could withstand the English climate. He was elected an "A.R.A." a year before Millais, on the strength of his picture, "Raising the May-pole on the Restoration of Charles II.," and cleven years afterwards, still a year before Millais, he received the full honours of the Academy. so distinguished a figure in the English art-world of the last half of the Victorian era should have been honoured this year by the special recognition of the King, who sent for that remarkably brilliant and effective work, "The Snake Charmer," for inspection at Marlborough House before it was hung at the Academy, must strike everyone as a most appropriate exercise of Royal favour, as well as a fitting tribute to an artist who deserves well of his Sovereign and his countrymen. - A. G.



MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., AT HOME. Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



MISS NORA MOORE,

ONE OF THE SMART "SIX LADIES" AND UNDERSTUDY TO MISS MOLLY LOWELL IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

PENSIONED BY PARLIAMENT.

Some of the Famous Heroes to whom the Custodians of the Public Purse, Interpreting the Feeling of the Nation, have made Awards.

HAT shall be done to the man whom the nation desires to honour? So, slightly altered, the old question is asked, to receive by the most modern nation the answer which was

accorded to it in the ancient days. Through the streets the hero goes amid the acclaim of the multitude, while the universal voice of the Press cries, instead of the human tongue, the wishes of the King and his Imperial people. And to honours and robe of State, the Freedom of Cities, the gift of costly swords and equally costly caskets, is added a store of gold poured forth with no niggardly hand.

The Parliamentary grant of £100,000 which has been voted to Lord Roberts, great though it is, is but a trifle compared with some of those gifts which the nation has voted to the greatest General of the time. Who can forget, for instance, that when, after Oporto and Talavera, the victorious Arthur Wellesley was raised to the peerage as Baron Douro in September 1810, he got a pension of £2000 a-year? Within two years of that time, when he was made Marquis of Wellington, Parliament voted him £100,000 for the purpose of buying an estate, while after Waterloo he received, besides his Dukedom, another trifle of £200,000, in addition to gifts from elsewhere, for did not the King of the Netherlands make him the present of an estate in Belgium which made him

present of an estate in Belgium which made him one of the largest landowners in that country? Added to this, was he not with his Marquisate permitted to augment his Arms by quartering the Union Jack on them—signal honour indeed!—though he regretted that course, as he imagined people might think that he had asked for so presumptive a favour?

The illustrations on this and the following page convey the names of some of the most redoubtable of the men who helped build up the

splendid name to fight under, and he held his peace. And right royally did he fight, seeing that he won his way to a Captaincy in five years, and by the time he was twenty-one he had received a pension of £100 a-year for his wounds which he had got in Spain. At the attack on the fortified Convent of San Bartolome he was conspicuous, and the week after, when the fortress was attempted, the following was written of him: "It was in vain that Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen

detachment, mounted the ruins; twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died."

His later life is written large in the annals of India, and the old East India Company gave him a pension of £2000 a-year. The Company, indeed, was conspicuous in rewarding the men who had served in that part of the world, for it gave Sir Henry Hardinge £5000 a-year, Sir George Pollock £1000 a-year, and so on. Sir George, who was one of the earliest Knights Grand Cross of the Star of India, won his fame in the Afghan Campaign, and was, indeed, known as the "Baronet of Khyber Pass," while Sir Henry Hardinge will always be remembered by reason of the fact that he used his influence to abolish suttee as well as certain other objectionable practices in the Native States. It was he at whom Daniel O'Connell hurled his famous epithet of a "One-handed miscreant," a title as undeserved as any title could be, for he was universally regarded as a plain, honest, straightforward, just man.

as a plain, honest, straightforward, just man.

With the Dukedom of Marlborough filling at
the present time such a conspicuous place in the
public eye, and with the wealth of the family
reinforced by the millions of America, it is something of a sarcasm to

reinforced by the millions of America, it is something of a sarcasm to reflect that the victor of Blenheim, who had received such large sums of money from the country, used to walk about in his old age in order to save sixpence which he would have had to pay for a chair.

Lord Raglan, whose later life was to be "made the victim of England's unreadiness for war," according to Sir Evelyn Wood, was he who, when, after Waterloo, his arm was amputated, called out to a



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



EARL ST. VINCENT.



LORD NELSON.



LORD HAWKE.

Empire to that position which our time has received as its great heritage, and, with the aid of such men as Lord Kitchener, Lord Wolseley, and others who have been recently honoured in this way, have given it a greater puissance still to hand to the oncoming generation.

These two pages, indeed, are an epitome of two hundred years, and enable readers of *The Sketch* to see at a glance the characteristics which made up these builders of the Empire, two of the greatest of which, indeed — Sir Colin Campbell,

indeed—Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, and Sir James Outram—bear a distinct resemblance to the hero whom the nation has just delighted to honour. It is curious, too, that both these men, like Lord Roberts, made their great success in India. Outram, the less like Lord Roberts, was called the "Bayard of India," as the inscription on his grave at Westminster Abbey attests, while Sir Colin Campbell practically saved the Empire in our great Dependency. It is strange to think of him as so lowly born that a relative had to ask for a commission for him from the then Duke of York. "What, another of the clan?" exclaimed His Royal Highness. The boy was about to protest, but his relative reminded him it was a



LORD COLLINGWOOD.



LORD RODNEY.

soldier, "Hullo, don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring!"—for on a finger of the hand was a ring which had been given to him by his wife. It must have been a consolation to him in his dark hours that the Queen could write that "She cannot sufficiently express her high sense of the great services he has rendered and is rendering to her and the country by the very able manner in which he has led the bravest troops that ever fought."

To "the bravest troops that ever fought," the commander by

land and sea, indeed, owes the renown which has been his lot. If his were the brains that conceived, it was "the bravest troops that ever fought" which were the hands to carry out As long as such hands remain, the sons of England at home and the sons of England scattered throughout the four corners of the world may well remain strong in the belief that, though reverses may come and last for a time, the old spirit can never die, and that England will remain what she has always been, the proud Mother of humanity, carrying through storm and stress that glorious flag of freedom which has so long been unfurled to every breeze.

SOME FAMOUS HEROES PENSIONED BY PARLIAMENT.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD RAGLAN, K.C.B.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE POLLOCK, G.C.I.E.



GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K C.B.



GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G.C.B.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
BART., OF KARS.



SIR HENRY HARDINGE.



THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT GOUGH, K.C.B.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, G.C B.



GENERAL SCHOMBERG.

IN AND AROUND FRIEDRICHSHOF, THE PALACE IN WHICH THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK BREATHED HER LAST ON AUGUST 5.



CRONBERG, NEAR WHICH THE PALACE OF FRIEDRICHSHOF IS SITUATED.



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S DRAWING-ROOM.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. H. VOIGT, HOMBURG-VOR-DER-HÖHE.

VIEWS OF FRIEDRICHSHOF, THE PALACE IN WHICH THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK BREATHED HER LAST ON AUGUST 5.



SOUTH VIEW, FROM THE DRIVE.



NORTH FRONT, WITH ENTRANCE PORCH. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. RÜCKWARDT, BERLIN.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

BY RENÉ BULL.

IX-LES-BAINS, one of the most picturesque places in France, is situated on the Lac de Bourget, in Savoy. People flock there to benefit by its natural sulphur-water—some for their rheumatism, others to dispose of gout or sciatica, many to cure ennui, and a number to gamble at baccarat and "petits chevaux."

Personally, I went there on my return from South Africa, being invalided home with sciatica, to bathe in sulphur-water, to be massaged, and to inhale unpleasant-smelling fumes.

The Bath "établissement" is situated in the middle of the town, and

is the usual morning rendezvous. One is conveyed in a species of sedan-chair, called "chaise-à-porteur," to and from the baths, which are open from 5.30 in the morning.

"Dans les petits heures du matin," just when I have fallen into a delightfully sound sleep and am dreaming of the good things of this world, I am rudely awakened by my valet-de-chambre, who proceeds to

lose any amount of money one chances to have on one's person at "petits chevaux." or baccarat.

I was standing by the "petits chevaux" table, one day, when an clderly dowager, who was seated in front of me, and who was losing heavily, turned round to me, and, although I had never seen her before, asked me to lend her a five-pound note. Needless to say, I explained to her I had no money on me at the time. Whenever I met her afterwards at the Casino, I was always treated to a disdainful stare.

One day, I made up my mind I would see how the doubling system worked, and changed several louis into one-franc pieces and proceeded to the table. There is a level chance at the game, even or

uneven horses.

I put down a franc on even, and lost it. Then I put down two—lost that; then four—lost that; then eight, and lost that. This was getting serious. I put down sixteen—lost that; thirty-two—lost that. I drew a long breath. Several people thought I was mad and treated me to a pitying smile. I counted out sixty-four francs; put them down on even—lost that. Would I go on or not? Surely even must come once in eight times? I put down one hundred and twenty-four francs,



OPENING OF THE BATHING SEASON AT NARRAGANSETT, CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK.

"Meet me on the beach, boys, down at Narragansett; We'll go out and have a jolly swim."—The Belle of New York.

fold me up in a blanket and worries me out of bed and seats me in this sedan-chair. Two carriers then jog me down the stairs to take me to the "établissement."

On the way one meets innumerable similar chairs, all covered up with a hood. It is impossible to know if they are occupied except by

the agonised expression of the perspiring carriers.

When I arrive at the baths, I am handed over to two strong men. One of them pulls my wrappings off, while the other takes a kind of fire-hose and plays on me with hot sulphur-water at a pressure of about forty pounds to the square inch. When the breath is knocked out of me with this proceeding, I am seated on a low stool, and the two attendants, stripped to the waist, proceed to pommel my back and chest. After about ten minutes of this treatment, I feel a bit exhausted, and am died with a belief with a belief and a meaning the chest and a meaning with a belief w dried with a boiling-hot sheet and again wrapped in my blanket, presenting an appearance like an Egyptian mummy.

I am returned in my chair to the hotel and dumped into bed,

where I have to lie for a couple of hours. After that I am free for the day. There are other baths besides this species—the needle-bath and the "piscine," or hot sulphur swimming-bath, which is the most

The great centres of attraction, however, at Aix are the two magnificent Casinos, probably the finest in the world, which offer one entertainments of all kinds. One may go to the library and read foreign newspapers or see "Guignol." There is a string concert at four, or one can go and

and the horses went spinning round. The croupier pushed my money back: "Rien ne va plus de cent francs." Even won that time!

I said several things and left the table, and made up my mind I had had enough of "petits chevaux." But did I really lose over it? I sat down and made the sketch on the opposite page, to try and get back my losings, and have succeeded in doing so.

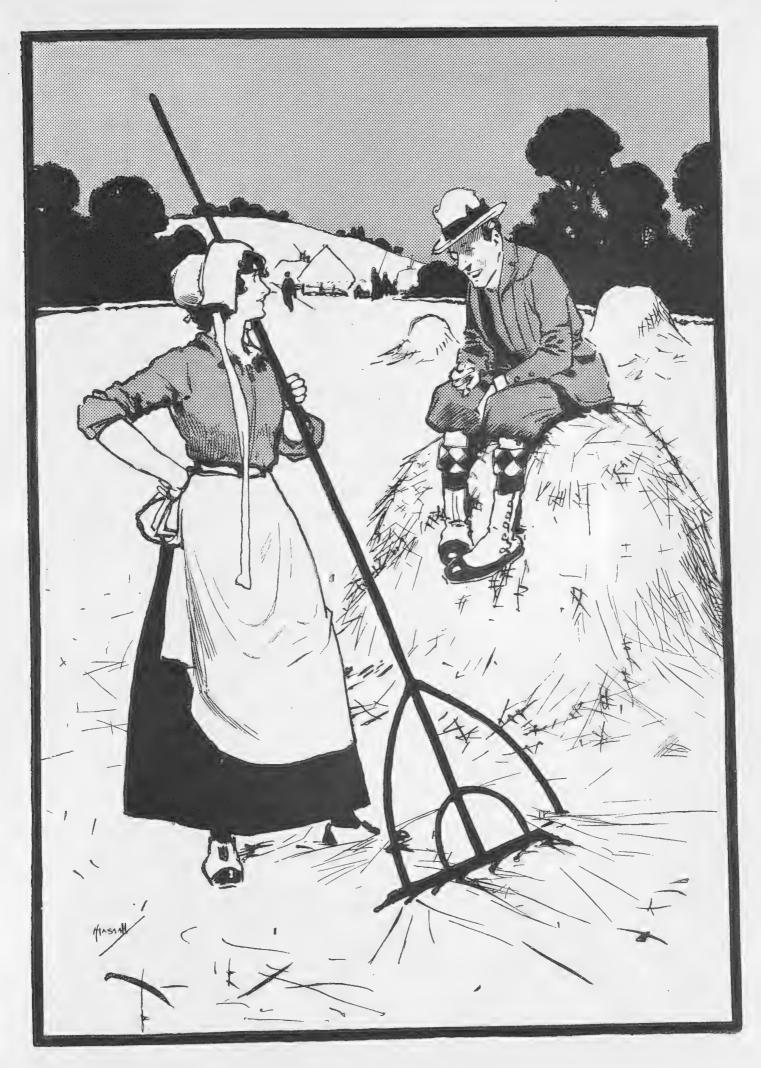
"CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY."

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's great success, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is to be published immediately in the popular sixpenny form. I understand that the demand is such that over a hundred thousand copies have been printed. By the way, I was interested to hear the other day that the sales of quite a number of the sixpenny novels which are to be seen on the book-stalls have not exceeded twenty-five or thirty thousand copies. It is difficult to imagine how this can pay, except as an advertisement for the author and for his subsequent books. There can be no doubt that a sixpenny edition brings the author's name before an entirely new public, and, if the book is really a good one, it should enhance his popularity enormously. I am not at all sure that it is not the most effective way of bringing a new novelist before the public. But it is certainly expensive, and requires a good deal of pluck and confidence on the part of the publisher.





'APPY AUGUST.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CASE OF THIRSK V. HATCHETT.

BY HENRY ANDREWS.



RNEST MILNER was the barrister, and he was walking rapidly up and down a white path that stretched from one end of the carpet of his room in the Temple to the other—from the door to the window, from the window to the door. It had taken eight years to wear away that path, and it wasn't likely Milner would ever start another.

One of Milner's pupils, to whom he was dictating, sat at the table, his pen travelling

rapidly over shiny blue paper.
""In the alternative, the defendant says that, if he spoke the words, which he denies, they were spoken upon a privileged occasion.'
you got that?''
"Yes."

Yes." "You can finish the rest yourself." Milner put on his hat and walked down the passage to the door of his chambers, calling to his clerk, "Those papers in Hurt v. Slander are ready. I shad be up to-morrow at the usual time. Good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir."

Mrs. Brook sat in her drawing-room in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, pouring out fragrant Bohea, or it may have been Lipton's best, for all I know, and dispensing it to an admiring circle of friends.

"The company is complete," said a man finishing a piece of muffin.
"We may begin."
"Complete!" ejaculated a fair lady whose back-hair didn't match her fringe. "How can you say so, Mr. Danvers? How can we begin without our Wyndham?"

"Hang it, no!" exclaimed a fat young man. "We cannot start

without Milner.'

without Milner."

"He is like Wyndham, isn't he?" asked a young lady.

"My dear, don't ask me," answered the lady with the fringe. "It was Sophie's idea."

"Then you think so, don't you, Mrs. Brook?"

Mrs. Brook rose from the table. "I hope Wyndham keeps better time," she said, arranging her fichu.

"I'm sure he need not rehearse," said the young lady; "he is perfect. I've never seen anything so realistic."

"Just what I say," chimed in the lady with the fringe. "By-the-bye, has Mr. Brook seen you play, Sophie?"

Mrs. Brook blushed, ever so faintly; still, she blushed: no one but a

Mrs. Brook blushed, ever so faintly; still, she blushed: no one but a

lady with false hair could have detected it.

"Mr. Brook knows nothing about it—he does not care for such matters."

The door opened and Milner was announced.

"Now we can begin," said everybody. Mrs. Brook moved towards the back drawing-room, giving Milner a

white hand and a sweet smile as she passed.

"Late again," she said softly.

"I am sorry; forgive me," he replied.

"Now then, Second Act," said the fat man. "Ting, ting! Up goes

the curtain," and he stood by the door with a little book in his hand.

Mrs. Brook became seated in the back drawing-room "Heigh-ho!" she sighed. "Eight o'clock, and no Ernest."

The fat man interposed.

"Oh, don't say 'Heigh-ho!'—sigh naturally."

Mrs. Brook sighed, and proceeded: "Eight o'clock, and no Ernest!

How wearily the time hangs!"

She frowned prettily. "If only people wouldn't talk so! As if one

could not like a man without "-she hesitated-" or even love him, in a kind of way-

The man who had been eating muffin entered the back drawing-room with an exaggerated demeanour and said, "Lord Haverstock." Milner came in after him, and, walking anxiously to Mrs. Brook, took her

"Sophie!"

"Ernest! But you ought not to call me Sophie, ought you?"
"But the name isn't Sophie," said the fat man, interrupting."

"Mrs. Brook prefers her own name," said Milner.
"So realistic!" came a voice from the front-room.

Mr. Brook sat in his office in Threadneedle Street, with his managing clerk before him.

"A dull day, Mr. Counts."
"A very dull day, sir!"

"No use my staying here. I'll be off. Good-day, Mr. Counts."
Mr. Brook emerged into Threadneedle Street, and turned pensively Westwards. "Shall I go to the Club?" he murmured to himself. "I suppose I shall go to the Club." He paused. "No, I won't. She says that she sees nothing of me. I'll go home to Sophie. Hi! Cab! 199, Hill Street."

"Yus, sir!"

Mr. Brook sank back on the cushions of the cab, and, taking off his hat, passed his hands over his bald head. The cab zigzagged in and out of the traffic, the horse trotting gaily, the harness shining in the sun, and the bells jingling. Mr. Brook stared at the traffic as it swept past him, and saw it not. The cab pulled up suddenly, and Mr. Brook, getting out, let himself into the house known as 199, and, crossing the hall, began slowly to mount the stairs.

Persons were talking outside the drawing-room door, and he paused. First, a man's voice, "Sophie!" as much as to say, "My darling!" Then a woman's voice, "Ernest! But you ought not to call me Sophie, ought you?"

Mr. Brook walked quietly downstairs again, his mouth looking as if it wanted to whistle. He entered the dining-room and sank into a big

chair. A man was laying the cloth for dinner.
"Brandy," ejaculated the master, "and soda!"

A merry peal of laughter came tumbling into Mr. Brook's ears from the drawing-room above.
"Bravo, bravo!" The door had opened, and the noise came pell-

mell down the stairs.

"Ha! ha! Oh, immense!"

"So realistic!"

"Oh, great, great!"
"Where's Mrs. Brook? Oh, good-bye, Mrs. Brook!"

Mr. Brook heard the visitors make their adieus, and saw them emerge gaily into the street. He turned. Had they all gone? No.

Good-bye!

"Good-bye! You don't know your part, you know."

"Ah! I forget it."

"You should rehearse more."

'I would rehearse all day if I could; but it is so hard to get away

The footman left the dining-room and passed down the hall towards the basement."

"Oh! if the mountain won't come to Mahomet-

"But I couldn't think of letting you fag into Fleet Street."

"Oh! I can drive by way of the Embankment.'
The footman retraced his steps.

"Of course, it would save me no end of time if you—"
"Say no more. What time?"
"Five-thirty?"
"Very well."
"En attendant..."

" Quelle éternité."

The door shut, and Mr. Milner passed before the dining-room window with his hat over his eyes. There was a rustle of silk, and Mrs. Brook ran upstairs.

The footman didn't understand French; neither, by the way, did Mr. Brook.

Mr. Milner walked up and down the white path-from the door to the window, from the window to the door. He paused and stared out of the former each time he came to it, then started off once more. Finally,

he sat down at the table.

"Hang it! Where's the harm?" He pushed his papers on one side—half of them fell to the carpet. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

People are in a bad way when they have to justify themselves in

A knock at the door, and the clerk entered.

"Mr. Brook, sir."
"Mr. Brook!"

"Yes, sir."

"Er-show Mr. Brook in." The clerk left the room. "Great Heaven!" ejaculated Milner.

Mr. Brook entered, and the clerk shut the door.

"Good-afternoon. I am a man of few words, Mr. Milner."
"Well, what is it?"

"My wife has an appointment to be here in twenty minutes. Is that so?"
"Yes—to rehearse."

"Oh! I know that is the colourable reason, but I know more."

"You have no right to say that."

"Have I, then, your permission to stay in the next room with the door open while your interview takes place?"

"Then I doubt your honour."

"You forget that involves the honour of someone else."

"I would forget it if I could; but, if you drive me to it, I begin to doubt the honour of my wife."

"You do so wrongly."

"Prove it."

"Very well. Go behind the door and be damned to you!"

"You will not leave the room before my wife enters it?"
"No!"

Mr. Brook walked into the next room and adjusted the door. "You will excuse my going on with my work?" said Milner.



TO THE RESCUE!

"By all means!"

Milner touched the bell, and his clerk entered. "Bring me the papers in Thirsk v. Hatchett." The papers were brought, and Milner's head went down over them. But the writing danced before his eyes. He touched the bell. "Any of the pupils in?"

"Mr. Hallet is in, sir."

"Ask him to spare me a few moments."

Enter the pupil. "Good man, Hallet! This statement of claim in Thirsk v, Hatchett it won't take many minutes."

The pupil sat down, and, dipping his pen in the ink, took a piece of

the shiny blue paper.

Milner paced up and down the white path and began to dictate-"1. The Plaintiff is Henry Thirsk, of '-you can fill in that for yourself.

"' 2 The Defendant is '-and so on.

"3. On or about the 25th March, 1901, the Defendant in a letter

dated —.' Leave a blank. No, you may as well put it in."

Milner left the path and approached the pupil. "No, no; all one paragraph! Look here." He pushed the pupil upon one side, and, taking a pen, wrote on the pleading, "Don't look surprised; man listening in next room."

"There, do you see that?"

"Why, I was going to put it like that!"

"Oh. I dare say!"

" Oh, I dare say

Milner moistened his finger, and, slipping an old envelope on the top of the pleading wrote upon it, "Your husband is here. cue from you."

Then, on the pleading, "Give that to lady coming in five minutes."

He resumed his pacing.

" Now go on."

wrote of and concerning the Plaintiff the words following that is to say, "Mr. Thirsk is going wrong. Do not give him credit or you will lose your money." After that, fill in the amount of damage. You might give the papers to the clerk."

"Right O! Can I be of any further use?"

"Not just now. I am expecting someone."

The pupil left the room with the papers in his kend and Milner set.

The pupil left the room with the papers in his hand, and Milner sat down at the table and went through the documents scattered upon it. Thus ten minutes passed in perfect quiet save for the occasional rustle of paper as Milner put down one document and took up another. At the end of that time a gentle knock was heard. The door concealing Mr. Brook creaked slightly on its hinges, and Milner bit his lip. Hallet stood at the entrance of his room as the clerk opened the door wide, and Mrs. Brook, slightly blushing, entered the chambers.

"Mr. Milner—is he in? "Yes, Madam."

"Yes, Madam."
"I think he expects mc."
"Yes, Madam." The clerk begged her to sit down, but she remained standing, and he entered Mr. Milner's room and shut the door. Hallet darted down the passage. "Excuse me! This is for you."
"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Brook, with a puzzled look. She read the word "husband," turned rather white, and understood. Hallet was back in his room, gently shutting-to the door, as the clerk came out of Milner's room. "Will you step this way, please?" A rustle of skirts, and Mrs. Brook was in Milner's presence, and, incidentally, in that of her busband also. husband also.

"Oh! how do you do, Mrs. Brook? How awfully good of you to come!"

"Not at all! But is no one else here?"

Milner hesitated. "Well, the fact is that I forgot to ask Blobb"
Mrs. Brook drew herself up ever so little. "I took it for granted
Mr. Blobb would be here."
"Stupid of me," said Milner. "However, now you are here——"

Mrs. Brook became seated:

"Heigh-ho! Eight o'clock, and no Ernest!"
"Hadn't you to sigh naturally there?"
"Oh yes! I believe I had."
Mrs. Brook sighed as naturally as she could and proceeded—
"How wearily the time hangs!" She frowned prettily. "If only people wouldn't talk so. As if one could not like a man without "-she hesitated—"or even love him, in a kind of way—"
"Excellent!" Milner went down the white path and then came

back again.

"Sophie!"

"Ernest! But you ought not to call me Sophie, ought you?"

Mr. Brook started slightly behind his door. They both heard him, and Mrs. Brook turned a shade paler. They went on doggedly with the thing, forgetting their parts, missing their cues, and blundering terribly, "It's hopeless without the others," gasped Mrs. Brook.
"It goes worse than ever," Milner replied. "Can I offer you a cup of tea?"

"Oh no, thanks! I think I'll be getting home." She drew a long breath: "It's barely possible my husband may have got back."

Milner opened the door for Mrs. Brook and escorted her down the

passage and half-way down the stairs.
"Oh, Ernest!" She paused then. "It brought it home to one."

" It did."

"How dare he spy upon me! If only I could bring it home to him." "I wouldn't try if I were you." They went down the stairs, and Milner saw her tucked away in her brougham."

"Good-bye, Ernest."

He smiled. "Good-bye, Mrs. Brook."
She gave a little sigh and was driven away. Milner walked upstairs and re-entered his chambers. In the middle of his room stood Mr. Brook, offering his hand.

"Milner," he said, "shut the door and—give me your hand. I beg your pardon." The door remained open, the barrister's hand in his pocket. "Mr. Brook, good-afternoon." "Don't take it like that, sir! I made a mistake. I am sorry. I can't

say more.'

"I don't want you to say more." I want you to go,"
Mr. Brook hesitated. "It is not nice to be asked to go."
Mr. Milner rang the bell. "Mr. Brook is going." The clerk walked out with Mr. Brook at his heels.

Milner heaved a long sigh, standing at his table and fidgeting with the documents upon it. Then he walked to the bookease and put back some volumes he had used during the day. Then he plunged his hands in his pockets, and walked back to the table, only to turn once more. From the table to the bookcase, from the bookcase to the table. Hallet entered the room, glanced at Milner, then at the white path, and

burst out laughing.
"What's up?" Milner asked, continuing his tramp.

"Why, man, you've actually started a new path! Milner stopped, surveyed the situation, and burst out laughing too.

"Hallet, I need not say how much obliged I am. More than that, you exhibited qualities to-day which will do more for you at the Bar than I ever could. Can you stay late to-night?"

"Good man! Sit down. We might start on those papers in Thirsk v. Hatchett."

"I have them in my hand," said Hallet, smiling. "I think the pleading is a little irregular."

"Tear it up, and let us start another."

Hallet sat down and dipped his pen in the ink. "So you mean to start another promenade?" he said, nodding towards the white path.

The elder man looked up.
"Hallet, you are a comparatively young man. Take a straight tip. That path 's a wrong 'un. I shall get a new carpet.'

LORD DUFFERIN'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

Lady Clandeboye, the pretty American wife of Lord Dufferin's son and heir, was, till the lamented and gallant death of Lord Ava, known to the world as Lady Terence Blackwood. Before her marriage to Lord and Lady Dufferin's second son, Miss Florence Davis was considered one of the most charming younger members of the American Colony in Paris, and it was there that she met the British Ambassador's family. The wedding was a most brilliant affair, though it was said at the time that the young couple would have to face love in a cottage. The premature death of Lord Ava, of course, entirely changed Lord Terence's position. He is not only his father's heir, he is also the only married man among three brothers. Lady Clandeboye has become quite an Englishwoman, or rather, an Irishwoman, and she is comparatively little seen in the Anglo-American portion of Society.



LADY CLANDEBOYE (DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD DUFFERIN). Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

SCOTCH SHOOTING NOTES.

THE grouse-shooting has commenced under favourable auspices, and all the big Scotch moors have found tenants. fortnight previous to the Twelfth, the departure stations in London have borne witness to the ever-increasing attractions of Scotland at this season of the year, and few sportsmen who could be among the at this season of the year, and new sportsmen who could be among the grouse if they wished surrendered to other attractions. For the next few weeks we shall hear of heavy bags from the moors that start in Derbyshire and stretch at intervals almost as far north as Sutherland; the birds will be new to the guns, and many will never live to entertain. suspicions of them. After a time, when the walking is over and the driving affords the only means of getting the birds within gunshot, the size of bags will diminish, until they become so small that sportsmen remember the attractions offered by partridge and pheasant, and leave the grouse in peace before the legal close season recommences on Dec. 10. If Scotland claims so many visitors in the autumn, it is not

only on account of the grouse. The deerforests, the salmonrivers, the pheasantpreserves, and the great beauty of the scenery all combine to make the country desirable and to draw patrons from every class of moneyed men, from Royalty down to company - promoters.
The amount of money spent by Englishmen in Scotland every autumn must run into some millions of pounds.

King Edward has hisownsportingestates of Balmoral, Balloch-buie, and Birkhall, and rents Abergeldie, which is near them. The Duke of Fife has the Deer Forest of Mar. Many of our Dukes have immense sporting estates Scotland, yield Scotland, yielding annual rents that would in old time have sufficed to buy the land outright. The Duke of Sutherland's shootings in his own county are said to be worth more than thirty thousand pounds a-year, but they in-elude vast deer-forests like those of Kinloch, Glendhu, Assynt, and Gleneanisp. The aged Duke of Richmond and Gordon has great estates in Aberdeen-shire and Banffshire, and the Duke of Argyll in his own county and Dumbarton. Caithness calls the Duke of Portland master

many fine estates highly rente, and prized. Dumfriesshire's best estates Forfarshire and Lord Lovat in Inverness have some of the most desirable country in Scotland. The very big estates can only be shot by very rich men, so the prices that rule by way of rent are astonishing, four-figure sums being quite common.

A TRIFLE

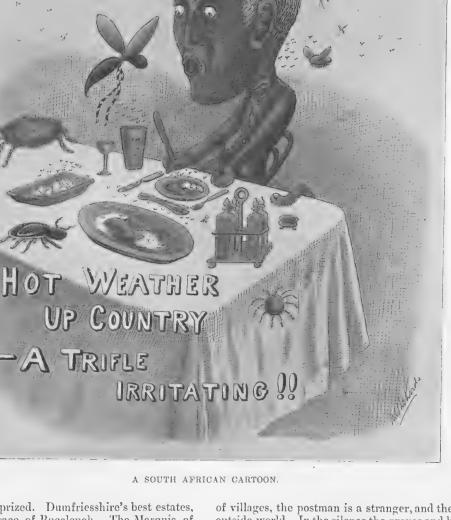
This year, as I have said, the good shoots are well tenanted, and at the moment Scotland must contain some of the greatest names, biggest brains, and longest purses in Great Britain. Turning to individual the moment Scotland must contain some of the greatest names, biggest brains, and longest purses in Great Britain. Turning to individual holdings, Lord Lansdowne has let some of his own estates, and is renting shooting near Blairgowrie, in Perthshire. The Marquis of Queensberry is renting the Colonsay shootings from General McNeill, and the Duke of Portland will get his sport, or part of it, in Inverness. Mr. Justice Kekewich, whose enemies have been heard to say that he is better as a sportsman than a Judge, has the Killochan shooting in Ayrshire; Sir R. J. Waldie-Griffith has rented shooting from the Duke of Roxburghe and Sir John Dickson-Poynder in Roxburghshire. The

famous deer-forest of Balmacan, in Inverness, belonging to the Countess famous deer-forest of Balmacan, in Inverness, belonging to the Countess of Seafield, has been let to Mr. Bradley Martin, who has the Balmain and Lochletter shootings in the same delectable county. The Earl of Home has Hillend and Whitecamp, in Lanarkshire, and Castlelaw, in Berwickshire; the Earl of Durham has rented the Glendoe deer-forest, in Inverness-shire, from Lord Lovat; Lord Esher has rented Callender Hill, in Perthshire, from the Earl of Ancaster, who has extensive sporting estates; and the Earl of Eglinton has three or four estates in Avrshire, including three of Lady Montgomerie's places. Sir Francis Ayrshire, including three of Lady Montgomeric's places. Sir Francis Tress Barry is shooting in Caithness, and the Earl of Mar and Kellie in Clackmannanshire, on his own shootings at Alloa and Férryton. Mr. Justice North has rented the Laggan shootings in Morayshire.

Perthshire's many sporting estates are crowded this year. The Duke of Atholl and the Earl of Dudley have Atholl Forest, Sir James Bell rents Ardoch, and Sir Donald Currie has Duneaves. Lord Willoughby de Eresby has Lord Ancaster's Comrie shootings, and the Countess Beauchamp has Birnam House. Mr. Jardine has rented the Glenbruar

Forest from the Duke of Atholl, who has let other sporting estates in the same county, including Loch Valigan, Kindrochet, Glenloch, and Glenshee. Mr. Stroyan has the Ochertyre shootings near Crieff, and Mr. Carnegie has Strathyre, among other places. Loch Kennard goes to Mr. Barclay Walker, and most of Lord Lansdowne's Perthshire shootings are let to the Duke of Bedford, whose Duchess is reputed to be one of the best lady shots in the country. Perthshire is set above Invernessshire by many sportsmen, who claim that it is the best all-round sporting county in Great Britain. It has the heaviest rent-roll and the best grouse-moors in Scotland, but, in point of deerforests, it must yield pride of place to Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness and Aberdeen. As a county, it has more attractions for sportsmen of moderate capacity for fatigue than the northern counties, which are more exacting.

It must be confessed that the lot of the members of the sportsman's family who take no interest in sport is not always an enviable one. Many of the sporting estates



A SOUTH AFRICAN CARTOON.

lie far beyond the ken of villages, the postman is a stranger, and there are no intruders from the outside world. In the silence the grouse and black game thrive, ptarmigan rest fearlessly on the hills, the raven, almost extinct in England, may be seen at work or play; but the man or woman whose health or inclination is opposed to sport feels buried alive. Worse still is the plight of certain sporting-men who cannot afford to keep their own estates, who live on them in the depth of winter, the early spring, and the first heat of summer, but must retire early in August, leaving their moors to the guns of some rich Englishman and his friends, and their beautiful gardens to alien womenfolk. Yet this hard case is experienced by many a man who is enabled to spend eight or nine months in the home of his ancestors only by leaving it at the most attractive season of every year. To lack a shooting in Scotland is bad enough; to have one and be too poor to use it is worse.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the United States at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in Australasia, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Duncdin, New Zealand.

MR. CLYDE FITCH.

The Most Strenuous of the Dramatic Invaders from America, whose Work is Certain to be Received with Appreciative Attention by English Audiences—A Little Appreciation and an Interview.

HE most successful of American modern dramatists is Mr. Clyde Fitch. Who will controvert that statement, when he can point with justifiable pride to the fact that last season he had four brilliant successes running at the same time in four theatres in New York? Besides these, there were several "on the road," as the Americans

elect to designate the enormous theatrical territory which lies outside the Empire City, for, unlike England, there are on the great Transatlantic continent no provincial towns.

If conclusions jump, Mr. Fitch may even almost duplicate his New York record in London, for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as all theatre-goers know by now, accepted a play called "The Last of the Dandies," Mr. George Alexander has bought a second, Miss Julia Neilson a third, and Mr. Arthur Collins a fourth, "The Climbers"—all of which will, in due course, be presented, to say nothing of the possible presentation of the American



MR. CLYDE FITCH,
THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST WHO HAS WRITTEN PLAYS
FOR MR. BEERBOHM TREE, MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,
MR. ARTHUR COLLINS, AND MISS JULIA NEILSON.

successes, including "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," by the ubiquitous Mr. Charles Frohman.

"'The Last of the Dandies,'" said Mr. Fitch to a representative of

""The Last of the Dandies," said Mr. Fitch to a representative of The Sketch during a recent passing through London, "is a play written round Count D'Orsay, with Lady Blessington for its heroine—It is really a play which relies for its effect on its atmosphere of the period. A few other well-known men and women of the time flit in and out casually, but these have little or nothing to do with the story. There is nothing in the play to which exception can be taken, and the principal stress is laid on Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will, of course, play the former part, and he will be the central figure in a very long cast. The play was written last spring, while I was in Sicily, but I have been pondering on it for more than two years.

"That my success, such as it is so far, has gratified me it would be foolish to deny, for success must gratify every man who works, and I work hard and all the time. Yet success has been by no means my invariable lot. For a number of years there was always the strongest opposition to my work, and it continued till three or four years ago. A play called 'The Moth and the Flame,' which was then acted by Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effic Shannon, and is still being played, first broke down the opposition, and it pretty well disappeared with my next success, 'Nathan Hale,' which was produced by Nat Goodwin. My work is, however, not altogether unknown to the London playgoer, for Mr. Goodwin produced 'The Cowboy and the Lady' at the Duke of York's Theatre, and at the Court 'Pamela's Prodigy' was done some years ago by Mrs. John Wood. That play most completely and entirely lacked success. I always call it my flawless failure. It is not pleasant to reflect that a good many plays achieved something of the same result. But it bores me to count bad plays, one's own or other people's. I like better to forget them. With one's own work it is hard to do so; but still it is pleasant if one can. That, however, is practically an impossibility in the presence of the glad interviewer!

"My first play was really a little one which was done at the famous old Boston Museum, and was the outcome of a conversation with a friend. All my life I have been mad about the theatre and writing. When I was at the University, I helped start the monthly magazine and edited the weekly paper, and I wrote a good many poor stories and a lot of worse verse. I also wrote a book, but it was a very badly written book, and so we will forget it; and then, I have written some other books, satirical, and not quite so bad. My friend one day asked me why, with my delight in the theatre, I did not write for the stage, and my reply was that I did not think I could. He persuaded me to try, and I have kept on trying ever since.

"I vary my work a good deal, and change from historical to modern plays, and think the method helpful rather than otherwise. In a modern play I always aim at being very realistic and true to the moment, and so it is possible that when 'The Climbers' is produced in London it may be very old-fashioned, although it was regarded as being very up-to-date in New York last winter."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Overcrowding Among Grouse—Fresh Air for Adults—The Dead Grandmother and Other Excuses—Grouse and Perjury—The Uselessness of Everything—A Plea for Cock-Fighting.

HE duty of the patriotic Englishman is simply obvious. Despite the high price of coal, the War, and the Court-mourning, grouse have increased and thriven so wantonly that they are actually asking to be shot. To do him common justice, the Englishman, since Monday, has endeavoured to tread in the course pointed out to him by Providence. He is making every exertion to relieve congestion and overcrowding among grouse. The unhappy fowl only now find why they have been tended and police-protected with such suspicious kindness for a year. Now does the foreign gentleman rent his brace of grouse for the season, and deposit in his private river the three or four salmon which he will extract with drags later on.

About this time the overworked City man, who has not had more than a quarter-of-an-hour to spare for the last six months—except for theatres, an evening at billiards, or a race-meeting—finds that urgent business calls him away to the neighbourhood of grouse-moors. He does not go into details of the nature of this business. He leaves the impression on his partner and the clerks that it is private and mysterious, and that he is pledged to scerecy. He announces his intentions painfully, in a tone of annoyance, as if forced only by a strong sense of duty to abandon office work to the incompetence of the rest of the staff. Last year, two partners informed each other reluctantly that family business affairs called them to Orkney and Limerick respectively—and met at the same shooting-box in Perthshire next day. Since this gross deception they have never trusted one another.

The deceased grandmother—and here I address my younger readers—is utterly out-of-date in all smart business offices as a device for securing leave. Any capable man can have a fire at his family residence, an intricate lawsuit at a great distance in the country, or simply meet with an accident on the 11th of August. This can be wired hurriedly to the office, eliminating the nervous strain of telling an untruth viva voce.

Grouse involves the country-house party, and to the rich man—who can afford to pay about double as much as in a first-class hotel—there is nothing more enjoyable. The only drawback is the possibility of finding your bitterest enemy as a fellow-guest—for the next fortnight, twenty miles from a railway station. You sit down to dinner the first evening with the girl with whom you have broken off an engagement with discredit to both sides. You are introduced to the short-tempered man who has sued you for gross defamation of character and who has an absurdly easy chance of shooting you accidentally. And he will not forget to tell the other guests that your father in his struggling days was a surveyor

An excellent suggestion is the labelling of guests for each other's benefit at such réunions. Thus, "Swindler Jones," "Stock Exchange Browne (golf and the banjo)," "Lady Oakenheade (stupid; heiress)," "Failure De Vere (amiable; mother a Countess)," "Conceited-Tenor Sforzando (drinks too much)." The gentlemen might carry a statement of their incomes like a numbered badge, or bear them in azure or gules on their shirt-fronts in the evening, like charges on a coat-of-arms. Seriously, if everyone carried even his name legibly printed it would save infinite labour in introductions in general.

The profound uselessness of English sport is its most attractive feature. A man plods all day behind two disgusted dogs and fires off some hundreds of rounds of ammunition (according to skill) to obtain half-a-dozen inferior fowl. He drives a coach-and-four worth a small fortune twenty-five miles at infinite labour and expense, when he could travel on an excellent railway the same distance on the map at a nominal rate, though, of course, less rapidly. He swims across the Channel on his back (I have often crossed it that way, by-the-bye), disregarding the cleanly and comfortable steamers which would carry him the distance in a twentieth of the time without wetting him, and supply him with refreshments. He tires himself out taking a small ball weighing a few ounces round golf-links, when a little boy could carry a considerable box of them over the same course for a trifling fee. The net profits of hunting, similarly, are an utterly useless fox.

It is lamentable that other quite as uscless and cruel sports as grouse-shooting should have decayed. I see a sensible plea is being made for the revival of cock-fighting. These intelligent animals desire no better diversion than killing each other. Therefore, it is justly urged, it is intense "cruelty to impede them from the gratification of their hereditary instincts." Personally, I should prefer bear-baiting. What more exhilarating than to see a noble bear tied up and masticated by dogs? The knowledge that his life is in extreme danger encourages this spirited beast to exert himself and to fight freely. Then there is bull-fighting. With ten-shilling cab-horses engaged and toreadors over-insured, this rational amusement can be had at a trifling cost. In all these pleasant pastimes the spectator is perfectly safe.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

ENERALLY with the close of the Opera Season music "goes out of town." But flotsam and jetsam are yet thrown up by the musical tide. The instrumental "lion" of the London Season has been

THE VIOLINIST KUBELIK,

who has been offered twenty thousand pounds for an American tour, during which he will play at sixty concerts. I can believe Kubelik's powers of attraction after seeing St. James's Hall crowded to the doors every time he played. It is simply a revival of the Paganini furore. But there is one thing to be said: Kubelik has not the peculiar demoniacal frenzy of Paganini.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

I am looking forward to the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. They begin on the 24th inst., and I can state with confidence that Mr. Newman has made engagements of the utmost importance. Among other improvements at Queen's Hall, the organ has been put in ordernot before it wanted attention. The French musical pitch will be adopted, and so the singers need not scream to get out a "top note." With Mr. Wood directing an orchestra not to be beaten anywhere, and with singers and instrumentalists of the highest class, the Promenade Concerts are likely to surpass all previous efforts of the kind.

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND THE PROVINCIAL FESTIVALS.

Already people in the provinces are counting upon the Festival season. But some complaints are being made that one of the greatest

English names—that of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan - is omitted from the provincial programmes. Why? Is it because he was an Englishman? Sir Arthur was not merely a composer of comic operas. He wrote sacred works which few have equalled and none have surpassed. A musician who could thrill thousands with the lofty religious sentiment of a simple song like "The Lost Chord" to be left out of a Festival programme! It is simply monstrous. I will just mention a communication I have had from a musical friend. He tells me that the great success of Sullivan in his comic operas "undoubtedly hinders his popularity as a writer of sacred music in the provinces."

BAYREUTH.

I have given up all idea of going to Bayreuth this year, but

I am told the Festival will probably be the most successful ever given. Partly because they have compensated for very indifferent singing by magnificent stage illusion, a friend tells me that the phantom ship in "The Flying Dutchman" was positively startling as a stage effect. Here is a hint for the Royal Opera next season.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS BUSY.

It would seem that Mr. Stephen Phillips intends to make sure that his poetic play-writing shall not lack variety as to the style or period chosen. Having already written the Italian tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," for Mr. George Alexander, and the Israelite tragedy, "Herod," for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and having now got ready for stage use his Homeric play, "Ulysses," for the same artistic actor-manager, the Poet Phillips has made arrangements to select a totally different subject and locals. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mr. Phillips has, I understand, contracted to write a play around that famous French heroine, Joan of Arc.

I have such a deep regard for this young poet's artistic abilities and such an earnest desire to see him always succeed that I trust he will (if he has not already done so) take steps to note carefully the

"JOAN OF ARG" PLAYS

of the Macready days, and the far later one which Tom Taylor wrote for that beautiful "star," Mrs. Rousby. As a matter of solid fact, even the "Joan of Are" play which the late great Schiller wrote for the stage did not prosper thereon. Therefore, I repeat, the poet who will in these days write a new "Joan of Arc" play must see to it that he possesses not only the poetic gift, but something more of the dramatic faculty than any of his predecessors possessed. After all, perhaps it is better to let

Joan figure only as one of the principal $dramatis\ person x$ —as our Mr. Shakspere did.

"THE BETTING BOOK."

The Turf, concerning which so many dramas have been written, from "The Flying Scud" downwards, has again been treated for stage purposes, this time by Mr. Sutton Vane, who has just copyrighted a drama entitled "The Betting Book."

"DANGERFIELD'S GUIDE."

Those who want to know anything or everything about theatres, music-halls, assembly-rooms, town-halls, "fit-up" towns and villages, " towns and villages, and so forth, anywhere and everywhere, whereat dramatic performances and concerts (professional and amateur) can be given, together with all sorts of information concerning population, fares, markets, early-closing days, hotels, lodgings, amount of "printing" required, &c., had better hasten to secure a copy of "Dangerfield's Guide." This exceedingly useful volume, published at 23, Bedford Street, Strand, has been compiled by Mr. Edward Lockwood, the wholesale theatrical manager, who, in addition to running several touring companies, has, in co-management with Mr. Frederick Mouillot, just taken over three suburban theatres, namely, the Brixton, the Opera House, Crouch End, and the Broadway, New Cross.

FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS NELL.

Tidings are to hand concerning the great success made by that firm favourite, the sweet-voiced Miss Florence St. John, as Nell Gwynne in "English Nell," with Messrs. Yardley and Richards's Company, which is booked for the chief provincial cities. Miss St. John will, I understand,

presently introduce into this piece the fine Old English dancing ditty, "My Lady Green-sleeves," which she used to sing so charmingly in the "Nell Gwynne" opera at the Avenue.

Speaking of this "Nell Gwynne" opera, there is quite a history attached to it. When it was originally pro-duced in Manchester, the music was by poor Alfred Cellier. The writer of the book, however, the late H. B. Farnie, anon had a quarrel with Cellier, and, taking away his libretto, had it re-set by Planquette before bringing it to London. Cellier's music for "Nell Gwynne" layidle for several years, and eventually had a new book written to it. That book was "Dorothy," the biggest opera success of modern times.

SOME NEW PLAYS.

According to latest

advices, Messrs. George Edwardes and Charles Frohman will start their season at the Apollo

next Saturday with "Are You a Mason?"

"The Giddy Goat" is due at Terry's to-morrow (Thursday) week.

For playgoers who delight to "assist" at every first-night of importance, it will doubtless be somewhat annoying to find that the same night as that chosen for the production of "The Giddy Goat" at Terry's is also selected (at present) for Miss Marie Tempest's eagerly expected production of her version of "Vanity Fair" at the Prince of Wales's But doubtless are the courtein prices on each players. Wales's. But, doubtless, ere the curtain rises on each play some re-arrangement will have been made.

At the moment of writing, Mr. Herbert Waring seems to have the 21st (next Wednesday) quite clear for the starting of his first managerial season at the Imperial Theatre, which (please note) was not so flooded out as was reported of late. Mr. Waring, as Sketch readers have been already notified, will first submit to the public ordeal a new play written by Mr. Boyle Lawrence and entitled "A Man of his Word."

At the very last possible moment of writing before The Sketch goes to press, I have to announce, on the very best authority, that preparations are looming ahead for the production at a West-End Theatre of a dramatisation of Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Books," made into one strong play. This "Jungle Play"—for which "R.K." has interwoven quite a new and apparently very interesting romantic love-story—is to be produced (wheresoever and whensoever produced) under the direction of Mr. H. Hay Cameron, who, a year or two ago, so beautifully produced "The Snow Man" and other fairy-plays. The costumes for Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Play" are being prepared by his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and, from what I have already seen of these



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT (MRS. NAT GOODWIN), THE BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE COMEDY ON SEPT. 2 IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," BY H. V. ESMOND.

Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

beautifully carried-out drawings, I am inclined to agree with "R. K.," who states that what his father doesn't know about this kind of co-tume is not particularly worth worrying about. Before these notes meet your

eye, the theatre where this deeply interesting production is to be exploited will in all probability have been secured.

Mr. F. C. Burnand:

A dramatist writes: "All your readers will, I know, regret to learn that Mr. F. C. Burnand, the Editor of Punch, the famous playwright, the genial author of 'Happy Thoughts,' is about to undergo a serious operation in the roof of his mouth after his holiday, which he intends to spend in Norway and round about Ramsgate. The operation will not be undergone till October, by advice of his physician and surgeon, and, of course, mean-while 'F. C. B.' will continue to crack jokes at his own expense, especially as he says, 'I don't want to deprive the operators of their holidays.' Everyone who knows 'Frank' Burnand, whether in person or in print, will wish him safely through a very painful ordeal. Personally, I am much distressed, because for five-andtwenty years he has been a loyal and gallant friend, a considerate Editor, and a delightful collaborator. If he had done no more for our enjoyment than write 'Happy Thoughts,' lee would command our unfeigned gratitude. As it is, I hope that 'Feet on the Fjords,'



or some such title, will show that in Scandinavia he still keeps up his constitution and merriment till his trial, and afterwards good luck, good health, and long life! And so say all of us!"

OF THE MAKING OF "ESMERALDA" PLAYS

there would seem to be no end. All sorts and sizes of melodramas (to say nothing of operas and burlesques) have been adapted from Hugo's famous romance, the best drama of the series being undoubtedly the late



MISS MAIE SAQUI IN "THE TOREADOR."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walry, Baker Street, W.

Andrew Halliday's "Notre Dame," produced at the Adelphi thirty years ago with the beautiful Miss Furtado as the Gipsy heroine, the late T. C. King (of the thunderous voice) as Quasimodo, and the happily still surviving Mr. James Fernandez as the Monk Frollo. The very latest stage-edition of Hugo's story is one which

Mr. Benjamin Landeck has Prepared for Mr. Charles Cartwright,

who will produce it at Mr. E. G. Saunders's fine new playhouse, the Camden, early next month.

MRS. LANGTRY'S TOUR

with her magnificently costumed piece, "A Royal Necklace," in which she herself is the bright, particular attraction, is proving deservedly successful. The fascinating lady played to good houses at Blackpool last week; is this week delighting Yarmouth; and returns to Lancashire next week to "star" at the Liverpool Court Theatre.

THE EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH"

(Mr. John Latey) has actually been caught blushing this week. The cause alleged by our Chief is the complimentary nature, as he thinks, of the genial caricature of him in last week's Judy.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S VACATION.

The great Sarah is summering among the crags, the waves, and the other immensities of a wild sea-coast with which she seems to be in



MISS BAYARD, WHO DELIGHTS PLAYGOERS IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," ON TOUR.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

harmony. She is at Belle-Isle. This is the famous island where D'Artagnan besieged Aramis, and where the giant Porthos was killed. She has had a villa here for several years. The neighbouring folk look upon her with awe, and she has things all her own way. She fishes with the fishermen, and is a mermaid among the rocks. One day, she refused to leave her rock pedestal, and the waves cut her completely off from the shore. A friend rescued her at the cost of a week on his back swathed in bandages. Another time, she insisted on the fishermen letting her down in a basket over a dangerous erag, that she might know the sensation of hanging over an abyss. A photograph of the "divine Sarah's" seaside home appeared in The Sketch of last weeks.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

The Empress Eugéme has greatly benefited by her recent cruise in her yacht, the Thistle, in the Western Highlands of Scotland. In company with Mrs. Hollings, Miss Smyth, and M. Petrie, the venerable lady, now seventy-five years old, but stately and erect, and happily enjoying fairly good health, travelled incognita from Oban to Glasgow the other day, and stayed at the Windsor Hotel. The Empress manifested much interest in the historic relics on view in the Exhibition, and was impressed by the various objects associated with Mary Queen of Scots, chiefly those which formed part of the personal adornment or were the work of the hands of Scotland's hapless Sovereign.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Military Cycling—The Prospects of Improvements in Cycles—Luggage-Carrying and the Best Way to do It—Hints on What to Take when Touring.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 14, 8.25; Thursday, 8.22; Friday, 8.20; Saturday, 8.19; Sunday, 8.17; Monday, 8.14; Tuesday, 8.12.

The possibilities of the cycle in warfare yet remain an unknown quantity. In England, at any rate, the military authorities have gone half-heartedly into the matter, and, though in the South African War the cycle has been used with considerable advantage, and in home manœuvres it has proved its utility in the matter of mobile movement, no definite idea seems to have been reached as to its place in the Army. There are many enthusiastic soldier-cyclists in this country who would like to see our own War Office as enterprising in the development of military cycling as the Administrations of other countries—particularly France, Austria, and Italy, where the cycle is most seriously considered by military experts as an important adjunct to field forces. I think the present indefinite position of the cycle in the British Army is due in a

great measure to the soldier-cyclists themselves, who, even now, are not agreed as to the possibilities and limitations of their branch of the service Unquestionably the cycle is superior to the horse in those countries where good roads are everywhere obtainable, but the limitations too often overlooked are that in time of warfare, cross - country work being absolutely necessary, the cyclist is at a disadvantage, and that, unlike the horseman, he cannot fight mounted.

At Aldershot last week 1400 military cyclists manœuvred under the direction of Major-General Douglas and the critical eye of General Sir Redvers Buller. The operations Sir Redvers were confined entirely to the roads, and consisted, so fár as I can see, of tests of riding ability. The cyclist column covered some two miles of roadway, and was controlled by a system of hand-flag signalling. Staines was the objective point, the idea being an attack upon that town, with countermanding orders

to march on Reading. Everything was carried out satisfactorily, and the riding tests were executed without hitch. I am sorry to say I cannot see what all this proves or what was the object aimed at. Despatch-bearing, the holding of strategic points, and the covering of long distances under pressure appeal to me as the most important duties in the soldier-cyclist's manual. Soldiering for the cyclist outside these duties in most cases degenerates into the comic, which is a thing to be deplored.

With the middle of August begins what is known to the cyclemanufacturer as the dead season, when sales slacken off and the manufacturer has time to think of new things by which to improve wheeling for the year in prospective. Many cyclists who have delayed the purchase of a new machine until this month are constrained to still further defer the matter, under the impression that "next year's cycles will be so much improved." Fifteen years ago this was the case, for improvements followed each other so rapidly that a new machine was almost antiquated inside a year. Nowadays, however, it has been found so difficult to improve upon the design of the bicycle that innovations consist of mere matters of detail, half of them fads and the other half questionable improvements. So far as next season is concerned, the cyclist need not look forward to any great or startling improvement in bicycle construction; the mechanism of the free-wheel will be slightly improved, so as to further reduce friction and noise, and in brakes many new designs will doubtless be introduced which may tend to improve

these most necessary adjuncts to the modern bicycle. Free-wheeling will be the wheeling of season 1902, and indications are not wanting that, like the pneumatic tyre, the free-wheel will in the future form an integral portion of every bicycle turned out, and not be an "extra," as it is now termed. In general construction, the bicycle will not be altered; the "diamond"-frame will be mostly in evidence, though the cross-frame, for which so many merits are claimed by competitive manufacturers, will undoubtedly secure adherents. I do not think there will be any tendency to reduce prices, except amongst the small fry of cycle-makers, whose wares I would beg my readers to think twice about before buying.

My enthusiastic touring confrère "J. F. F." has more than once in these pages had something to say concerning luggage-carrying on the bicycle, and in the main his arguments have been corroborative of my own impressions. I think the day of the framework carrier has gone, and cyclists who have toured much will not desire its return. At best, the framework bag was clumsy, heavy, and inadequate for luggage-carrying. It caught the side-winds, it was difficult to get at, and was an intolerable nuisance in that it was in the way of the knees. Handle-bar carriers I am not in love with, because, if any amount of luggage is carried, the weight on the handle-bar tends to interfere with steady

steering. The only sensible place to carry luggage is over the back-wheel.

In 1895 I projected a very long European tour—some five thousand miles-and the luggage question was a very serious one. I was going into countries where it would be difficult to their area countries. obtain even common necessaries, and I was faced with the prob-lem of how to take everything I should want on a three want on a three months' tour and on the bicycle. At that time the back-wheel carrier had not been put upon the market, and I designed and had made for me a light framework thin-gauge steel tubing projecting out over the back-wheel, and clipped to the stays under the saddle and to the rear axle inside the locking-nuts. My luggage I carried in a stout waterproof carryall, which was fastened on to the steel carrier by means of straps. The invention answered admirably. I carried no less than 14 lb. of luggage, and it was



MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, THE CELEBRATED PLAYWRIGHT. $Photo\ by\ Thomas,\ Cheapside.$

never in the way. This carrier was the precursor of the many back-wheel carriers now to be seen on the market.

As the touring season is now on, a hint as to what to take and what to leave behind may be useful to many. What the prospective cyclist must first of all consider is not what to take, but what to conveniently do without. Too much luggage is an encumbrance and a bother, and too little is an equally fatal mistake. The main thing to consider is the underclothing, for, cycling being an athletic pastime, frequent changes of underclothing are absolutely necessary. When I am touring, I make it a practice to carry three sets of underclothing, wearing one and bearing the other two on the carrier. This gives me the opportunity of a frequent change and of getting one portion washed when occasion for so doing presents itself.

Here is a list of the items I should take were I going on a three weeks' or a month's cruise on wheels: Three sets light all-wool underclothing; two pairs light stockings, one pair heavy stockings; six pocket handkerchiefs; one spare tennis-shirt; three light neckties; one pair light-grey flannel trousers; one light cummerbund; toilet requisites—tooth-, hair-, and nail-brushes, soap, small sponge; knife, scissors, and small sundries. These would be in addition to the costume, than which there is no better or neater than the light-grey flannel Norfolk style, and no better headgear than the Tyrolese hat, which is becoming and not too heavy.

R. L. J.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Redcar. With Redcar this week opens the Northern Circuit, which embraces a series of the best meetings of the year. At Redcar on Friday, in the Twenty-fifth Kirkleathan Biennial Stakes, Lord Dunraven has a colt by St. Simon—Molly Morgan engaged, which, coupled with the better of Mr. Vyner's pair, Mintseed and Helenopout, ought to provide the winner. In the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes, St. Uncomber should go close. The Twenty-fourth Kirkleathan Biennial may be won by Donzella or Graphite. The latter belongs to Mr. James Lowther, who likes to win on the Northern Circuit. The Wilton Plate should go to Lord Durham by the aid of War Paint, and the National Breeders' Foal Stakes to Lord Bobs, who ought to stay the mile and a-half in the company he will meet here. At Windsor, Sovrani may win the Clewer Plate. Stockton is the second meeting of the Northern series. On the first day, for the Wynyard Plate, St. Hilarious, Britta filly, Fledgling filly, and Mourie Bank seem to be the pick of the entry, with the first and last named for preference.

Ascot. It is pleasant to hear that the old order changeth giving place to the new at Ascot. A general rebuilding on an enlarged and more improved style is to take place. The Royal Stands and those of the Jockey Club, Master of the Buckhounds, and trainers and jockeys. Press-box, weighing-room and jockeys' dressing-

to suppose that Syncros, Veronese, Fortunatus, or Aida will seriously trouble the Derby winner at Doneaster.

A Great Jockey.

D. Maher, the American jockey, who is indisposed and consequently unable to ride, is the finest exponent of the Yankee style of race-riding in this country. To see him sit a horse as it leaves the paddock is to see a man who looks born for the saddle. No matter what horse he bestrides, he seems part of the animal once he is on its back, and to see him fighting out a close finish or inducing a beaten horse to go on against its will is an education. Added to that, he is a well-behaved lad, and has during his short career over here earned distinction and general respect. He was born in America, but has Irish blood in his veins, his father coming from Nenagh, in Tipperary. As a youngster of eleven years, Maher weighed 2 st. 7 lb., and the name of the first racehorse whose back he sat upon was Banquet II., the brute that nearly killed Mr. Ripley at Sandown Park. Maher did not come to England till 1900, and rode his first winner in this country at Manchester on Sept. 21, when he steered Paiute first past the post.

Mistakes that Paid. Men who go racing suffer from quaint hallucinations, and at times with beneficial results. At Goodwood this year a well-known writer came across a man who professed to have backed the winner in the Stewards' Cup. When asked why, he calmly



YACHT-RACING ON LAKE WINDERMERE: YACHTS AWAITING THE START.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASON, AMBLESIDE.

rooms, Messrs. Weatherby's offices, and the stables for the Royal carriages and horses are all to suffer demolition to make room for buildings more in keeping with the age and with the character of the meeting. I hear the new Royal Stand will be fitted out in a most elaborate style, and the whole of the other Stands will be erected so that a better view of the racing can be obtained. This is a good policy; but is nothing to be done to improve the course? With all due respect for the gentleman who ran his walking-stick well into the turf on the Royal Heath when this year's meeting was being held, it is a fact that most years the ground is in a terrible state for racing, and a great risk of breaking down is incurred for every horse that runs. Ascot is a Royal Meeting; let it be right royal for everybody, including the horses, and, consequently, the sport.

The St. Leger. With very little in the way of excitement between the end of the "Sussex Fortnight" and the opening of the autumn campaign, time is given for reflection on the last of the great "classic" races of the year, the St. Leger, or, as the Northerners call it, the "Sellinger." This year the big Doncaster race is decidedly a one-horse affair, Volodyovski dominating the state. As long as Mr. Whitney's colt keeps well, so long will the St. Leger continue to be dead as a speculative medium. In the betting-lists that occasionally appear a slight shade of odds is laid on, but I doubt if anything like a substantial investment could be made, no matter what the price. Wisdom urges a waiting policy. Sound and well on the day of the race, it would be like picking up money to lay 5 to 2 or 3 to 1 on, a far better proceeding than laying odds on now and risking the many chances that always stand in the way of any horse for an engagement weeks ahead. Huggins persuaded Mr. Whitney to forego the Goodwood Cup, so that the horse's preparation should not be interfered with, and I see no reason

referred his questioner to the good race O'Donovan Rossa had won at Newmarket a week or two previously. A "book" was produced and the race hunted up, but the winner was O'Donoghue, and the Stewards' Cup winner did not run in that race. Last Cambridgeshire day, after the race so beautifully won by Sloan on Encombe, I asked an acquaintance what sort of a race he had had. It turned out to be a satisfactory one. He proceeded to inform me that he had received a wire from somebody "in the know" at Stanton, advising him to back the good thing and that Wadlow had just got the horse to his liking. Added to which he gave me many other details concerning the animal and its owner. "Pardon me," I ventured to say, "you have mixed things up a little." I took his race-card and showed him that he had backed Echelon. But he had not. Through some strange mistake, he had backed Encombe for Echelon, and, what is more, he backed a winner!

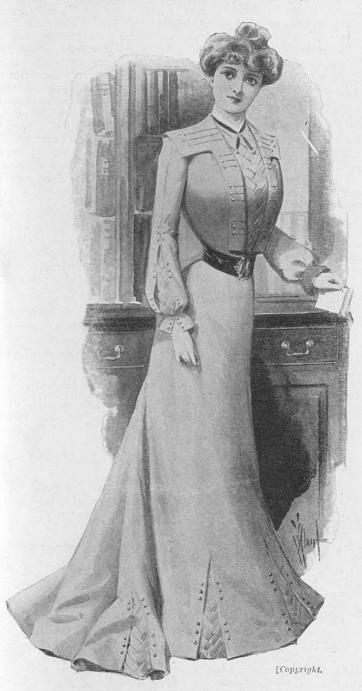
YACHT-RACING ON LAKE WINDERMERE.

The Windermere Sailing Club holds from eight to ten regattas each season, and the starters number from eight to twelve, the total racing fleet during the past ten years averaging from ten to twenty. In former days, the yachts were not, as they now are, of a uniform size and rig, but raced under time allowance, which brought together a curious variety of competitors. For example, in a match sailed on June 29, 1849, for a twenty-guinea cup, no fewer than fourteen yachts competed, among these being the *Dolphin*, owned by Mr. W. Wakefield. She was schooner-rigged and was forty-two feet long. Others were the *Fairy*, schooner, formerly the property of Lord Tyrconnel, but at that time of the Baroness de Sternberg, and the *Nautilus*, a cutter almost equal in size to the *Dolphin*. The remainder were of all sorts and sizes.

LADIES' PAGES. OUR

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

LTHOUGH August may be the end of the Season, it is by no means the end of everything as far as clothes are concerned, for whether one goes to seaside, Spa, or country-house party for croquet, cricket, or other diversion, not to mention grouse, a special outfit is demanded for such departure by all the exigencies. Comfort



A SIMPLE INDOOR-GOWN OF BLUE ALPACA.

and convenience play a very certain rôle in August, when one has, metaphorically speaking, to cut one's frocks according to one's frolics, so that the trailing skirts and filmy millinery that distinguish our attire so that the trailing skirts and filmy millinery that distinguish our attire in Metropolitan mid-Season becomes of no account on board yacht, on Alpine slopes, or by the "steep, steep sides" of the moorland, where every step makes one feel as if one were walking across a Gargantuan spring-bed. Short skirts have therefore been very much requisitioned in these last ten days or so, in preparation for the aforesaid excitements, and now that so many women have taken to the pastime of shooting, even from clay-pigeons unto rooks, the abbreviated skirt has, of course, become still more and more an early autumn fixture. Yachting is become still more and more an early autumn fixture. Yachting is having a greater vogue than ever, too, as witness the more than merely inhabited aspect of the Solent during this past week, with the increase of multi-millionaires and their floating palaces. This expensive amuscment of ruling the waves in one's own boat has now, indeed, become a greatly developed craze. Yachting invitations are eagerly sought after, as being even more insidious than the country-house gathering or the long voyage in a steamer, with the matrimonial combinations to which "propinquity" gives rise therein. All of which is well known to the successful and astute duenna of this generation—hence the popularity of the sea proping invited. the sea-going invitations under such conditions.

When boarding a yacht as guest, by the way, it is well to remember

that the smallest amount of luggage taken means the greatest sum of convenience and consequent gratitude on the part of one's host or hostess, for even on the smartest and biggest yachts space is necessarily a large consideration.

Evening-dresses are entirely superfluous, and need not be included in the outfit, except when shore visits are likely to form part of the arrangements. A smart tea-gown will, however, be found very useful, and some more or less elaborate blouses for dinner, but, beyond this, chiffons, speaking literally, need not be considered. Muslin, washingsilk, and flannel shirts can be taken, of course, galore to go under one's serge or pilot jackets, or on hot days without them. Beside the necessary serge or pitot jackets, or on not days without them. Deside the necessary serge tailor-mades, on which one need not enlarge, a sac shaped deck-coat to cover one's bones on hot nights is indispensable. As to millinery, simplicity above all other virtues should be its key. Note the elaborate productions which one sees labelled as yachting-hats in some of the weekly papers, being as impracticable as a horse-bonnet would be. Versions of the new sailor-shape in what is called foulard straw are best, being light in weight, *chic*, and becoming. A quill or two stuck through the band of stout ribbon better resists the elements than the vaunted bows or choux of impracticably minded millinery advisers, for the ribbon is not made that will stand on end against a stiff salt-breeze. Neither—low be it spoken—is the fringe, and the only alternative, it may be laid down by one who knows, between turning back one's front-hair and displaying



BROWN CLOTH WITH-COARSE BRAID.

the draggle-tailed ends of a demoralised fringe lies in the adoption of what the Americans call a "bought bang," which, rendered into English, means the possession of a false fringe of naturally curly hair.

There are few illusions left to one on the high wild seas, but the

very first to go is the artistically curled forelock. By all means, a

yachting-cap should be taken, something with a small peak to shade the eyes. Milliners are showing some quite nice examples in fine straw with ribboned crowns. Another novelty are those capital parasols of butcher-blue lining with gaily striped borders in all the primary colours for sunny days on deck; and, as a last word, let me remind those who are still in the stages of preparation for their marine campaign that



AN ELEGANT BATHING-COSTUME.

heelless boots are the best compliment one can pay to a well-kept deck, while the Louis Quinze which some thoughtless persons still persist in using have been answerable for more nautical swear-words than perhaps any other inanimate accompaniment to one's voyage through life. Sailors hate the suspicion of an indentation on their well-kept boards, and such righteous wrath is not a thing one should lightly invoke.

Doubtless, with the hoped-for returning hot weather, we shall be once more able to bathe, and this devoutly wished-for consummation now becomes yearly an act of increasing elaboration. In sampling various places on the French coast-line of late, I notice that ocean millinery grows to an acute angle of crescendo, if one may mix all the metaphors. Bathing-caps and hats are objects of the utmost piquancy, and the Creole silk turban of many gay colours is more elaborately fashioned this year than of yore. Smart frilled silk caps, something after the Breton order, are charmingly becoming, and, by devices of wily whalebone, remain erect and stiff even after immersion in Channel waves. Dainty straw-hats, wide, trimmed and tied down from both sides with ribbon-strings, are much affected by those who permit the waves to come as far as the neck-line but no farther; and some women go to the extreme of pinning curls under the brim of their Creole bathing-caps which curl naturally and so preserve the wearer's external picturesqueness even after immersion. Open-worked stockings and smart bathing-shoes which guard against the shingle are also inevitable adjuncts of the carefully considered altogether. Some girls with a taste for painting the lily go to the length of wearing mittens tied up with ribbon bows, but for such artificiality one finds little excuse. The last but not least point of aquatic trousseau lies in the purchase of a peignoir, that necessary and perforce ornamental garment with which one is

covered up by the bathing attendant between the water's edge and the friendly shelter of the bathing-machine.

Superseding the old Turkish-towelling peignoir, which was monotonously white and shapeless in outline, we now have daintily made substitutes in pink, blue, mauve, or green flannel, serge, or blanketing, flanked with big Capuchin hoods, wide collars, and altogether a highly finished joy to the observing. Given which foregoing possessions and decently warm weather, the act of bathing may be looked upon with anticipatory delight.

A good many women ask me from time to time, by the way, how certain wrinkles which have appeared on their necks should be smoothed away, and invariably do I reply that the flat-iron which can accomplish the impossible has yet to be invented. How to prevent such unwelcome wrinkles is much more easily imparted information, and that is to avoid all high, close draperies about the neck, whether of lace or stuff, which are soft, or linen, which is stiff. Both are equally injurious and equally certain to produce a wrinkled throat. This fact having become known and realised of late years as much as anything else leads to the transparent lace collars of our present summers. Little, hemstitched linen collars, which are now sold for use with morning blouses, are quite charming and finish one's neck very acceptably for early hours. With summer gowns no collar at all is the more accredited mode, and the possessors of plump, smooth, unwrinkled necks have not been slow to avail of it. Another useful hint touches the burning—or, more properly speaking, the tearing and splitting-question of the silk petticoat which is at once such an indispensable and yet such a heart-rendingly ruinous moiety of the modern woman's make-up. A dozen frou-frou-ing slips may, however, be negotiated for the price of three by a little management, which consists in having the upper part of the petticoat, say, from waist to knee, made of either black or white alpaca, which wears well and fits close to the figure. A cross-cut band finishing this slip at the knee is sewn with safety-hooks set closely together. The pièce de résistance, otherwise the wide silk flounce, which is to complete this garment, is then attached by means of safety-eyes, which match the foregoing safety-hooks. This flounce, or these flounces, can then be changed at discretion or according to costume. Three or four yards of silk will make the flounce, et voila-a silk petticoat on which one can ring the changes of colour and cut ad infinitum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BATHER.—You will find some hints in this week's article which can easily be reduced to practice. I fancy Peter Robinson can supply you with the entire outfit.

reduced to practice. I fancy Peter Robinson can supply you with the entire outfit.

St. Clovd.—I should substitute Viyella night-gowns for the cambric ones. You will be less liable to taking cold in using this material, as it is partly composed of wool. Moreover, it does not shrink, and flannel does. The ribbon corsets are now quite a vogue. You can get them from the "Samothrace" Corset Company, New Bond Street.

A CHARMING SOCIETY DAME.

Princess Dolgorouki has been seen but little in London Society this year, this being entirely Society's loss, for Her Highness, both as Miss Fleetwood Wilson—"the most popular spinster in London,"

according to the dictum of a very high personage—and as the wife of an accomplished and genial Russian potentate, has held a unique position in the great world. Many interest-ing gatherings have taken place in her London house; it was from thence that was married the lovely elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West to Prince Henry of Pless, and, by a curious coincidence, Miss Fleetwood Wilson's own engagement to a Continental Prince was announced shortly after. The double wedding—for, in addition to the ordinary Church marriage, a ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Russian Embassy-aroused an immense amount of talk and interest, and great pleasure was felt by the bride's friends when it became known that she by no means meant to abandon her native land. During the last few years, Prince and Princess Dolgorouki have spent the autumn of each year at Braemar Castle, and there Her Highness had the



PRINCESS ALEXIS DOLGOROUKI.

Photo by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

honour of entertaining to tea the late venerable Sovereign. The Prince has just let Braemar for a short time to Lady Curzon of Kedleston, so it may be doubted whether their Highnesses will be seen on Deeside this year.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.

THE WEEK.

EVER in the experience of the oldest broker has there been so little Stock Exchange business. In the worst days of a year ago there was some investment business going on, but now there is absolute stagnation in every department. Whitaker Wright and his gang have killed the West Australian Market, the Jungle is and



MESQUITAL MINES: GENERAL VIEW OF MILL,

always was a one-horse show, and, to put a finishing touch on the brokers' despair, the Home Railway dividends are so bad that even the steady, saving middle-class investor is so hard hit that he has no money to invest.

THE MESQUITAL MINES OF MEXICO.

We have tried in these columns to illustrate mining and other commercial enterprises all over the world, but, for the first time, this week we are able to give two Mexican mining views. From the days of Elizabeth the gold and silver deposits of Mexico have been known to be of vast richness, but, for various reasons which we need not dwell upon here, mining in Mexico as a field for English capital has been, until recently, out of fashion. California, Australia, and South Africa have all in turn taken a foremost place; but, if the truth were told, probably the riches of Mexico exceed even those of Kalgoorlie or the Rand, while the mining conditions as to labour, timber, and suchlike adjuncts are certainly more favourable.

The Mesquital Company (by whose courtesy we reproduce our illustrations) has a small capital of £25,000, divided into 250,000 shares of 2s. each, the bulk of which is held in France. The property is a gold-producer equipped with fifty stamps, a cyanide plant, and all the latest improvements in precious-metal saving appliances. The ore is low grade, averaging-without counting tailings-about 7 dwt. to the ton, and the working of the mines during the first eighteen months has resulted in a net profit of $\pm 6,500$. The present company bought up a previous concern which got into legal troubles, and the absurdly small capital is due to the fact that the property, fully equipped, was obtained at about one-half the cost of the machinery alone. It certainly looks as if the owners were in for a good thing, for the profits made hitherto have been the result of working only up to about half the capacity of the mill and without the cyanide plant, which should add considerably to the returns. When the world has had enough of the Westralian methods as exemplified by Mr. Whitaker Wright, and has recovered from its late attack of Jungle fever, perhaps the neglected mines of Mexico may receive some attention.

HOME RAILS.

With the declaration of the Great Western dividend the distributions on the English Railways come to an end, and a very sad end it is. When we made our forecasts in June last, like the vast majority of people, we were prepared for a bad half-year, but we are obliged to confess that the reality has proved worse than the expectation. The following table will show what we anticipated in the principal cases and what has been able to do what has been the best that the directors have been able to do-

Name.		F	orecast		Actual dividend.			
South-Eastern	***			r cent.		Nil.		
Chatham (A.P.)	***	***	30s.	"			. per cent.	
South-Western	***	***	48-1	22 ***	***	31	,,	
Brighton			31	29 ***	***	$2\frac{1}{3}$,,	
Great Eastern Great Northern	***	***	14	22 ***	***	1.	>>	
Great Western	809		2	35		21	11	
Midland	999	***	$\frac{23}{4} - \frac{5}{8}$	99 ***	***	21	,,	
North-Eastern	*0*	***	4	22 ***	***	4	59	
Metropolitan	***		$\frac{4\frac{1}{2}}{2\frac{1}{4}}$	33 ***	***	$\frac{4\frac{1}{2}}{2\frac{1}{4}}$	"	
Tilbury	*00	***	51	33 ***	***	51	,,	
London and North-	Wester	rn	44	,,		41	97	

We leave out Great Central, District, and Hull, where we merely said

that nothing could be paid on particular stocks.

From the above table it is clear that it was in the passenger lines we did not appreciate at its true value the vast increase in the working expenses, for, while we overestimated the dividend which the Brighton, the South-Eastern, and the South-Western could pay, we were absolutely accurate with regard to the principal Heavy roads.

To revive the dead bones of the past, however, is a thankless task, and for both shareholders and financial critics it is the future which is of interest rather than what has gone before. To us, it appears that probably the worst is over, we will not say in price of stock, but in earning capacity; and while we do not expect a good half-year between now and Dec. 31, we believe that, with cheap coal and materials, the net profits will not again make so bad a show as in the first half-year of the New Century.

A STOCK EXCHANGE POST-BAG.

It is some time since we have come across any number of Stock Exchange letters, and, warned by their repeated exposure in our columns, perhaps the Post Office officials have exercised stricter caution in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton Street. But, the other day, a whole batch came into our hands, and, all being fair in Love, War, and Journalism, we publish a few extracts unblushingly for the interest and benefit of our readers.

The first which we select relates to the Consol Market. It comes from Capel Court, and the letter-paper is bordered with black. Thus it runs-

Dear Sirs,—We are favoured by your memorandum of even date. In reply thereto, we must confess that it is exceedingly difficult for anybody to form a correct estimate as to the course that the Consol and India Stock Market may take within the next few weeks. Should you desire to open ten thousand Consols as a bull with the idea of carrying over the stock, we could scarcely venture to forecast the likelihood of a profit in the immediate future; but, if you wish to buy for investment, then we are bound to say that you will not regret the purchase, in our opinion, when the War shall be over and the Stock Exchange recovered some, at least, of its normal confidence by the aid of a little public buying.—We are, dear Sirs, yours truly.

Ponderous Bros.

It is remarkable what a lot of words some people can use when a

It is remarkable what a lot of words some people can use when a couple of sentences would express all they want to say. And that some House firms have the knack of conciseness, look at this next specimen from our post-bag-

Dear Sir,—As we have not received a cheque for the difference due from you at the last Settlement, and as your shares have suffered a serious depreciation since last contango-day, please note that we shall close your account at the end of the week unless you have sent us by then either a cheque in full discharge or sufficient security to cover your account —Yours faithfully,

Payup and Lookpleasant.

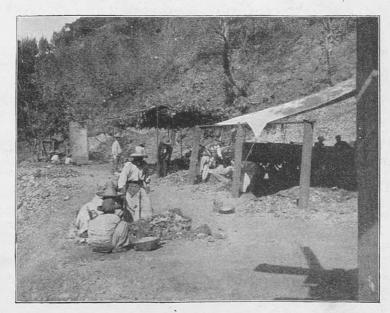
These gentlemen, or their office-boy, clearly committed a grave indiscretion in neglecting to register such a letter. Judging from the address to which the envelope is directed, we should imagine that the account was mainly in West African shares.

The vexed dividend question is dealt with lucidly in this next epistle-

MADAM,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, relative to the deduction of the dividend on the Midland Preferred, which you sold ten days ago, the buyer is certainly entitled to the money, and he has already claimed it from us. The rule as to Railway dividends is that the buyer can deduct any dividend from the seller as soon as the Company's books are closed, because the cheque is paid to the person in whose name the stock stands immediately preceding the closing of the books. You will receive it in due course from the Company, and our deduction of it from your cheque merely saves you the unnecessary trouble of sending us the amount later on. We enclose a statement of account herewith, and regret that it was not included in our last letter.—Yours faithfully, Exactitude and Co.

A fourth speaks for itself. It hails from a jobber's office in Shorter's Court, and is evidently from one friend to another-

My dear Smith,—A "red-hot tip in Yankees," do you say? It's all very well for you, my boy, up on the moors enjoying yourself, to send for red-hot tips to us poor devils in London, who know just about as much of the market from being in the thick of it as you do by being jolly well out of it. I only wish that I were! However, I may as well say that I rather fancy the market will be



MESQUITAL MINES: ORE-SORTING.

dullish until this Steel Strike affair is out of the way. After that, it won't surprise me to see a certain amount of buying on the other side. You may see things go down still further on the Strike, but afterwards you will be longing you had bought Atchison and Union and any of the speculative things. Anyways, them's the ideas of your humble servant Kerbstones.

Perhaps the Steel imbroglio will be finally settled before the date appears, but, whichever side wins, the billionaires must recognise that they cannot have everything their own way all at once, and the speculator will keep a more wary eye on labour developments for the future than he has done in the past.

There is in the batch only one letter which relates to Home Rails. It is dated Aug. 8, and says-

It is dated Aug. 8, and says—

Dear Sir,—The Great Western dividend has been declared this afternoon at the rate of 2\frac{1}{4} per cent. per annum, with £19,700 forward. This compares with 3\frac{1}{2} per cent. in the corresponding period for 1900, and the declaration was about what we had been expecting. The stock improved upon it to the extent of \frac{1}{2} per cent., and closes steady at 135. I do not think that many holders of real stock are selling Home Rails at the present time, but cannot conceal from myself the fact that the outlook is not particularly rosy for the next year or so, especially if the trade of the country should continue to mark time as it has been doing just lately. At the same time, the Railway Companies will probably make strenuous efforts in the direction of economy, and there is, of course, the substantial reduction in the price of coal that has to be taken into account. You ask me whether you should sell your Great Western and Midland stocks at the present time. Frankly, I have not the heart so to advise you, since you would be cutting a heavy loss, and part of the money will probably return if you can have sufficient patience to hold on to your investments for a year or two.—Yours faithfully,

The scher tone of this quintet throws into startling contrast the

The sober tone of this quintet throws into startling contrast the frantic delight of the succeeding letter. The address is Throgmorton Street, but the calligraphy is round and unformed—

Dear Charlie,—The boss has come down regal with a brace of Californian farthings for a holiday tip, so send your letters next fortnight to the regular place at Clacton. I start to-night. Ain't he a trump ?—Yours as ever,

Augustus.

No apology is needed for returning to a subject with which we dealt last week, for steadiest of all the departments in the Stock Exchange through these dull days is the Kaffir Circus. Not a bargain is doing, and what is generally the most turbulent part of the market can now be threaded with an ease which speaks more eloquently than anything else of the utter stagnation of trade. Barely a dozen shouts make the dome re-echo through the listless five hours that dealers give up to what is politely called business. Few orders come in and fewer grow the limits left each day. This being the case, it is all the more remarkable that prices should be so well maintained. The sagging of quotations in languid markets is as inevitable as their advancement in booming times, yet Kaffirs display but little of the weakening tendency that might have been expected. What news there is makes slight alteration in prices. The Johannesburg Racecourse bore-hole alteration in prices. The Johannesburg Racecourse bore-hole enlivened the market for no longer than forty minutes, while Lord Kitchener's reports and pronouncements are discussed by the various "shops" as they sit in a row upon the Kaffir benches, instead of being hurriedly commented upon in the intervals of rapid market movements taken standing up. The reason of the calm firmness of South Africans lies in the indomitable optimism which leads holders to refrain from selling just at the time when it is thought that the end of the War may be expected at any moment. Jobbers also decline to sell shares short, and there is no public supply available, whilst the limited amount of orders that reach the House are on the buying tack shareholders averaging what they bought higher up, and others beginning to come into the market who have held aloof until the end should be in sight. It must, of course, be months before the mines get into full working order, but the Stock Exchange is used to discounting mere months, and Kaffirs keep their quotations with a hardihood that might seem surprising to those who fail to take into account the wonderfully strong undercurrents of the market.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

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P. H. A.—In both cases we do not think you can expect a revival just now, but we should hold till the autumn in the hope of better times.

Perplexed—It is a pure gamble, but it seems to us that the chances are in favour of holding, for financial matters cannot be much worse and they can easily be better.

Achille.—Everything depends on the course of the Oil Market, of which we really know nothing. We can only say, if the shares were our own we should not sell at this price.

W. B.—(1) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary should suit you. (2) Sell to the first fool you can find.

Anti.—We are not authorities on card-playing, and must respectfully decline to decide your bet.

Kendal.—Either stock would suit you excellently. The Grand Trunk is a little cheaper, and we should choose that. To obtain 7 per cent. you must necessarily take a considerable risk.

Australia.—In his last letter from Broken Hill (published a week ago) our correspondent on the spot told us that no information could be got, except that a small amount of silver was being obtained. We have heard nothing about a call so far.

Ever-Opener — Do not average yet against. The many whose list you could be got.

EYE-OPENER.—Do not average yet awhile. The mun whose list you send us does not appear to be a member of any Stock Exchange, and we never recommend dealings with outsiders. The list and letter have been returned to you by post.

NATAL COAL.—Thanks for your letter. We are alluding to it in our next week's

Notes.

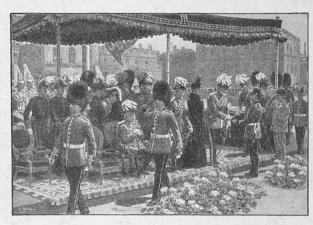
J. L. B.—The title of the picture is correct, as we think you will find on reference, but we confess to a slip in the Note. Thank you for the correction.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAVURE OF MISS LILY BRAYTON.

Readers of The Sketch have expressed themselves as so delighted with the Rembrandt Art Supplement of Mrs. Langtry presented with the issue of this paper for July 31, that another beautiful plate executed in the same exquisite style will be given away with the number of The Sketch dated Aug. 21. The subject will be a beautiful portrait of Miss Lily Brayton. Subscribers are warned that, in order to secure a copy, orders should be given to their newsagents at once.

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